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HAIL TO ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, JR.! His triumphant run in the Wisconsin primary will hearten Progressives the country over and insure the continuance in the Senate of the insurgency of Wisconsin. Indeed, it foretells the displacement of Senator Lenroot next year by Governor Blaine—something devoutly to be wished. A chip of the old block the new Senator-to-be unquestionably is; his mental growth and the revelation of his latent ability delighted his friends throughout the campaign. Why not? He has had an excellent apprenticeship to one of the most high-minded and conscientious Americans who ever filled high office, and this training more than offsets his youth. The youngest federal Senator since Henry Clay he will be, and he will bring immediate strength and encouragement to the progressive wings of both parties. We have only one fault to find with him; that is that he has not a more radical and thoroughgoing political program. He has yet to learn that, as we pointed out in the last Presidential campaign, his father's policies in many respects are not adequate to the needs of the times. We cannot go back to the "trust busting" of the Roosevelt period; if further proof of that were needed, Mr. Coolidge has given it by his practical destruction of every one of the regulating agencies established as a result of the Roosevelt crusades. All of this can be worked out in due time. The present happy fact is that Wisconsin has remained true to the cause of reform and progress, has offered to a young man of admirable character and great promise a most unusual opportunity for distinguished service, and has given the first vigorous political check to Calvin Coolidge since his inauguration.

THE DEMOCRATS of the city of New York have purged themselves of Mayor Hylan and at the same time given what ought to be the coup de grace to the malign political activities of William Randolph Hearst. Despite the hundreds of thousands who read his papers, the character of this yellow journalist has long been thoroughly understood in New York City, and the opportunity to smash both Hylan and Hearst was one not to be resisted. The result foreshadows the easy election of Senator Walker as the next mayor of New York. We do not believe that New York will profit overmuch by the change, for the more we have studied Mr. Walker and his career the more dubious they seem to us. Undoubtedly the outcome makes Governor "Al" Smith more than ever the dictator of the Democratic Party of New York State, and as such the vote has a distinct bearing upon the next Presidential campaign. As for the Republican nominee, Mr. Waterman, his campaign has not impressed him upon the community as anything else than a well-meaning business man of the conventional type. So the imperial city of America, with more than six millions of people to draw upon, will probably be governed by a man who boasts that he has never read more than twelve books in his life, who does not represent labor or any other great group in the community, but is a typical product of Tammany Hall.

THE WASHINGTON ADMINISTRATION plainly has the fidgets in regard to the debts owed us by European governments, especially the money due from France. Several weeks ago, when Americans living in France had been criticizing the Washington attitude rather sharply, a semi-official statement was issued from the White House designed to stop such comment and Mr. Fish, a Representative in Congress from New York, even proposed to punish offenders under an eighteenth-century statute. On September 18 another semi-official announcement emanated from the White House asking the American press to refrain from criticism of the Administration's course during the progress of the negotiations for funding the French debt. The action is as pathetic as it is impudent. It is impudent because the Administration's stand on the debt is a public question which any individual has not only a right but a duty to oppose if he regards it as mistaken. The action is pathetic because it indicates that Washington is so unsure of its ground and so uncertain of public support that it is afraid of any stray dog's bark. Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, is "amazed" at President Coolidge's "audacity." We are not. Ever since, six years ago, Mr. Coolidge became a national figure through the dissemination of the falsehood that he saved Boston at the time of the police strike we have ceased to be amazed at anything concerning him. After so convincing a demonstration that the American people love to be humbugged, can he reasonably be expected to put his trust in sincere statesmanship?

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IF THE ADMINISTRATION intended its announcement regarding Americans enlisting in foreign armies as a gentle disavowal of official approval of the American aviators serving France in Morocco its action may help. The Moslem world is very much aware of the American volunteers who are bombing native villages in the mountains of North Africa and it is natural that an anti-American movement has been taking form. If, however, the note to the American agent at Tangier, calling attention to a law against American enlistments in countries with which we have extra-territorial treaties, was intended to imply that Americans should not enlist for any cause they think right, then we deplore it. It is a narrow nationalism which thinks that a man should never serve any country but his own. The world has always honored Byron for his service in the cause of Greek independence a century ago; it will always honor young men who risk their lives in the service of any ideal. There are better ways of expressing courage, but if young Americans will follow the old blood-stained paths, they might find truer glory than in upholding the cause of an alien empire in Africa. Are there none of these adventurous young Americans who remember 1776?

THE UNITED STATES should by all means participate in the international conference to provide for control of the private manufacture of arms which will be held next year under the auspices of the League of Nations. At the same time we can only deplore the action of the British Government in blocking the call for an immediate disarmament conference proposed by the Dutch and Hungarian delegates at the Geneva Assembly. Every step taken for disarmament, for control of arms manufacture, even for the prohibition of the carrying of weapons by individuals is a step in the direction of international peace. While war is so profitable to certain classes of the population, while the ordinary citizen finds it comparatively easy to possess a weapon, while nations strive to outdo each other in the creation of new and costly articles of warfare, just so long will permanent peace be an impossibility. The British delegation, in opposing all the modest League moves toward disarmament, have done no service to their country. Sir Cecil Hurst protested that the resolution was unfortunate in providing for the immediate commencement of preliminary work toward the proposed conference. It was better, Sir Cecil argued, to leave the question of time to the discretion of the Council, so that an "auspicious moment" could be chosen. But the most auspicious moment is the present one. The way to disarm is to disarm; and the time to do it is now.

POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS of the law in the League of Nations, as in other frontier communities. The British, through their puppet state of Irak, are in possession of the Mosul oil fields, and accordingly the Council of the League, after ponderously weighing the anti-British findings of its own commission, with all the austere solemnity of a judge, was about to hand Mosul to Great Britain. The Turks made it plain that in their view such a decision went beyond the competence of the Council and was likely to mean war. The Council thereupon continued its profound deliberations, and soon reached a new conclusion, a very masterpiece of international statesmanship. It would refer the question of its own competence in the matter to the World Court at the Hague! The Turks did not agree to accept the conclusion of the World Court, and the British made polite threats of war if they did not, but for the moment trouble was averted. Mosul will cause more turmoil later, but the British, right or wrong, are still in possession; and doubtless in the next few months we shall hear many panegyrics of this sidestepping statesmanship—just as we did when the League bowed to Italy in the Corfu dispute.

WHILE SUGAR RETAILS in New York and Philadelphia at 6.2 a pound, San Francisco consumers must pay 7.1 cents, those in Denver 8, those in Butte 8.8. In the regions producing beet sugar, the chief beneficiaries of the tariff, prices are invariably higher than in the regions dependent on importations of Cuban cane. San Francisco, for instance, gets duty-free Hawaiian and Philippine cane, and beet sugar produced in California, yet must pay nearly a cent a pound more than New York. Salt Lake City, headquarters of the Mormon Church and its immensely profitable Utah-Idaho (beet) Sugar Company, must pay 1.8 cents penalty, although the sugar is manufactured at her very doors. Butte, in the center of a beet-sugar producing and manufacturing district, must pay a penalty even higher. Consumers in such districts bear not only the tariff impost, amounting to about two cents (of which less than half goes into the federal Treasury), but also an arbitrary imaginary freight rate from the Coast; the actual freight per pound of sugar from San Francisco to Salt Lake City, for instance, is .84, while the arbitrary charge is .9 cent. Even to fractions of a penny the tariff beneficiaries gouge the helpless consumer. Extortion in one form breeds another. It was for this kind of greed that President Coolidge expressed "the utmost solicitude" in his statement declining to reduce the tariff on sugar.

THE PEOPLE OF MAINE have just authorized by a decisive popular vote a means of obtaining power that has appealed to the imagination of man for centuries but has never been carried out on a large scale. They propose to put the tides on their coast to work. The idea is almost as old as the tides themselves. The latent power from this source all over the world is tremendous, but the practical difficulties are also immense. To harness the tides requires an installation of great initial expense, the burden of which may easily make the power more expensive than that obtained through the use of coal, especially in a country where the latter is plentiful. Besides, until recently, there have been no means for transmitting power over considerable distances except at prohibitive cost. But the plant which the voters of Maine have authorized Dexter P. Cooper to construct in Passamaquoddy Bay will have the advantages of modern means of transmission and will also make use of the tides at an especially strategic point. Owing to the funnel shape of the Bay of Fundy, the tides of Maine's eastern coast have an unusual rise and fall, and Mr. Cooper will be able to use the force of a drop of from fifteen to twenty feet in the turbines which he proposes to install. He expects to generate from 500,000 to 750,000 horse-power—more than is now developed at Muscle Shoals—and to supply electric power to a large area of the Northeastern United States. The experiment will be watched the world over.

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THOSE WHO FIND the traditional two-party system in the United States too restricted may get some consolation from Mexico. By September 11 no fewer than 107 separate and distinct political parties had registered their intention to contend for offices in the municipal elections in the federal district of Mexico. Of these, thirty-four were in the city of Mexico and the others scattered through smaller municipalities in the district. Each of these parties has submitted the necessary number of signatures entitling it to a place on the local ticket. One hundred and seven parties, and each presumably with a program for saving the country from going to the dogs—or to the capitalists or the Bolsheviks or whoever seems to menace the country most! That these parties are all-important to their members may be surmised from the names. Leaving out of the count the parties of national repute, such as the Laborista and Agrarista and Civico Progresista, the list bristles with grandiose titles. Voting on the basis of euphony alone, the choice would be terrifyingly difficult. Partido Liberal Construcionista Radical de Mexico—one is tempted to stop right there and rush to the polls. But the fickle eye wanders and catches sight of other enticing names: Partido Estudiantil Independiente (Party of Independent Students), Partido Unificador Revolucionario, Partido Politico Union Revolucionaria Progresista, Partido Revolucionario Nacionalista, Partido Evolucionista Libertario de Mexico, Partido Radical Socialista, Partido Regional Socialista, and so on and so on. There is consolation in two parties!

THE STATEMENT BY CHAUNCEY DEPEW on his ninety-first birthday that he had never in his long and happy life played baseball, football, tennis, golf, or any other game will not give comfort to those who maintain that modern life is unpalatable without the sauce of exercise. Probably no life ever was, though the Greeks are said to have been wise in spending their best hours in the gymnasium. May not the Greeks, however, have got on so well because they set a high value upon the "moderation" which Mr. Depew adds is the only thing approaching a rule that he has followed? Or is it at all possible to say that one thing and one thing only contributes to the success of living? Athletics can kill as well as cure. Games which are tranquilizing to some persons are tiresome to others; and behind the well-developed chest of a two-mile runner there may be the sorriest rubbish of a heart. The moral would seem to be that games should be saved for those who are made happy by them, and that they should not be forced upon those whom they bore.

A UNIQUE SITUATION in American journalism has been created by the will of the late Victor F. Lawson of the Chicago *Daily News*. Mr. Lawson did not mention his great newspaper by name in his will, but turned it over with all his other assets to the trusteeship of the Illinois Merchants Trust Company. The president of that institution has declared that the paper will continue under its present able management. Under the will three-quarters of its earnings will go henceforth to benevolent, chiefly religious, purposes. "Here, indeed," says Mr. Mitchell of the trust company, "is a unique example of a newspaper not only serving good causes but continuing to carry on its owner's good work through the distribution of its earnings." It will be interesting indeed to see how this experiment develops. As long as its present management continues the *News* will be a conventionally conservative newspaper, and therefore it will in no wise come into conflict with the conservatism of the Illinois Merchants Trust Company. What would happen, we wonder, if some future editors should advocate governmental or economic policies, such as the national ownership of railroads, which the trust company deemed inimical to the welfare of this country? If the trust company keeps its hands off entirely, we shall have an interesting example of democratic newspaper management without the guidance of a direct ownership interest. If all of its income should eventually go to charity we should then have the example of a newspaper from which had been eliminated the motive of private individual profit. That experiment we need, for today the Jewish *Forward* stands almost alone as a paper in which the profit motive has been entirely excluded.

MEN'S RIGHTS begin to assert themselves, and curiously the new masculinists agree with the old feminists. Ten years ago a feminist who, separating from her husband, announced that she wanted no alimony, being as competent as any male to support herself, was regarded as a wild radical striking at the foundations of the old-fashioned home. Now it is Justice Selah B. Strong of the New York State Supreme Court who, refusing alimony to a childless woman, adopts the erstwhile feminist position, to protect men and the family:

> I truly believe [he said] that alimony keeps couples from being reconciled. The woman who is being supported by her husband under order of the court, generally speaking, is not very anxious to effect a reconciliation with him. . . . Imagine the predicament of a man who is compelled to pay temporary alimony for five years to a woman who hates him but will not divorce him. It is nothing short of slavery.

NEW YORK CITY lost two valuable citizens on one day, September 16, because of cruel accidents. Herbert Parsons and Seymour L. Cromwell were both born to large wealth, but recognized from the outset of their careers that money, like nobility, brings obligations, and gave themselves freely to public service. Mr. Parsons entered politics in the spirit of the reformer who seeks to change political conditions from within and met with some success. Serving two terms as Congressman—one of the few Representatives of vision, character, and ability the metropolis has sent to Washington in the last thirty years—he also became the benevolent despot of the Republican machine in New York City for four years. Mr. Parsons's fine quality may be best gauged by the fact that he threw away the chance of further political preferment by bolting his party on the League of Nations issue in 1920, thus putting principle above personal advantage. Moreover, he was that rare person in our American political life, a leader who had tolerance for and interest in the views of those who differed from him. Mr. Cromwell served for ten years as president of the New Jersey State Charities Aid and for years labored to reform the penal conditions in that State. But he was best known for his three years' service as president of the New York Stock Exchange, during which he did his utmost, with courage and ability, to purify and improve not only the Stock Exchange but the whole brokerage business. Men like these are too rare to make their deaths in the fifties easy to record.

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Mr. Coolidge Faces a Test

THE President's return to Washington has given rise to varying journalistic interpretations of the political situation which confronts him. To some the prospects are of the best. Everything will be smooth sailing. He has wisely cut his legislative program to a minimum of which the important feature will be the ever-popular reducing of the taxes and, if he achieves nothing else, that will still be the best possible accomplishment for his party. He will, they say, dominate the new Congress as he did not control the old, and, with Congressional and Senatorial elections approaching, the members will be ready to do as the Chief Executive wishes.

That is an easy but superficial interpretation of the situation. Beyond doubt further tax reductions will make an appeal to many people. But that is not the whole of the story. As a matter of fact, the President faces the first searching test of his leadership since he took office. He now stands completely on his own feet. It is a new Congress which meets, and with greater control than he had over the last, he must once and for all show whether he has real capacity as a party leader and as a statesman. Merely to pass a tax-reduction measure will not satisfy the public or his own partisans. There is the question of our adherence to the World Court to confront him, and there are pressing economic issues which will not down if only because their existence in the Northwest threatens the return to Congress of a half dozen Coolidge Senators. The President failed lamentably last winter to show himself equal to the emergency when he attempted to force Congress to approve the nomination of Charles B. Warren as Attorney General. The question now is whether he will reveal sufficient power and aggressiveness to dominate a situation which is so full of pitfalls that a Washington correspondent describes it as a "maze of controversy, friction, and problems as important as have yet confronted him."

Besides the coming battle with Senator Borah over the World Court, the impending effort to settle the question of the payment of the French debt, and the question of railroad mergers, Mr. Coolidge still has an ugly fight on his hands in the aviation dispute despite the fact that in his first move, the appointment of a non-partisan committee from the public, he has demonstrated both skill and sagacity. For one thing, Secretary Wilbur is on record as being opposed to the very procedure which the President has adopted. Indeed, that gentleman has proved to be such a bull in the china shop and a man of such limited mentality (after the failure of the Hawaiian flight he was quoted as saying that that made no difference, as the navy had not expected to prove anything worth while anyhow) that many observers believe the President must sooner or later retire him to private life.

As for Mr. Work, the Secretary of the Interior, Senator Borah has already belled the cat in regard to him. He has plainly told the President of the widespread dissatisfaction with the delays of the Secretary in the initiation of reclamation projects already authorized by Congress. He is understood to have spoken in behalf of Senators Cameron, Oddie, McNary, and Stanfield and members of the House from the States which contain extensive areas of public lands. In these there is widespread conviction that Secretary Work could tremendously improve the condition of settlers by modifying his regulations in regard to payments for water until the present farming crisis has passed and the farmers are able to meet their obligations. The Senators desire not so much Mr. Work's official scalp as an immediate improvement in administrative measures. So great is the unrest among stock-raisers, wool-growers, cattlemen, and ranchers that the outcome of this and other fights is bound to have a far-reaching effect in the States affected upon the future of the Senators who will come up for reelection in 1926. Among them are Gooding of Idaho, Stanfield of Oregon (arrested last week on what he, with others, declares to be a false charge of public intoxication), and Jones of Washington, with an election coming in North Dakota for a successor to the late Senator Ladd. The loss of even two of these three Senators, coming on top of the victory of the anti-Coolidge forces in Wisconsin, would be a severe blow to the President's prestige.

Even this is not the whole of the story. Mr. Butler, the President's manager, declares that there will be no touching of a single schedule of the tariff. But there is a growing demand in his own State for tariff increases—there is much unemployment in this State of heavily protected textile industries. The wool-growers desire still higher tariffs; on the other hand, particularly in the West, there is a growing movement among farmers and labor men for a tariff revision downward. For the first time the American Federation of Labor seems to be tackling the question of the tariff with genuine vigor. It is quite possible that the President will find himself unable to stem the demand for tariff revision, particularly in view of the fact that he has practically destroyed the effectiveness of the Tariff Commission. Indeed, his emasculation of the three great regulating commissions, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Tariff Commission, and the Federal Trade Commission, will inevitably subject him to a heavy fire during the coming session of Congress from the insurgents headed by Senator Norris and young Mr. La Follette. The renomination of Thomas F. Woodlock as Interstate Commerce Commissioner will bring up the question of the President's right to bargain with his appointees in advance of their nomination. So, too, will the case of Commissioner Haney of the Shipping Board, whose resignation Mr. Coolidge has requested but has not been able to obtain. Undoubtedly the President will drop him when his interim appointment expires. But the matter will not end there. Oregon is on fire over the shipping problem, and what adds to the misery of Senator Stanfield's situation is that Mr. Haney intends to run for the Senate on the Democratic ticket on this shipping issue. Sooner or later the President must face this question.

All of this, together with the coal strike, may spell endless trouble and embarrassment for the President. The fact that we are not to be in for what is called an era of good feeling, that is, a suspension of all political controversy, is, however, a good public omen. We have no sympathy with the desire of some people to adjourn Congress for two or three years and take a rest from politics. It is only by controversy and political conflict that democracy can hope to flourish and to progress.

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"Protecting" America

SHAPURJI SAKLATVALA has become a figure of international fame. Millions, probably, who would never have heard his name if our nervous Secretary of State had not barred him from the United States, have become aware that an Indian Communist represents a London working-class district in the British House of Parliament and that he will not be permitted to denounce the British Empire within the loyal limits of the United States. Mr. Saklatvala may travel to Canada or South Africa or Australia and make as fiery speeches as he pleases; but in the United States he may not even land. Secretary Kellogg has barred him because his speeches were too red, and the Department of Labor, ransacking its files of deportation days, has found other excuses to back him up.

Some of us feel indignation at this silly act of petty suppression, reversing the time-honored American tradition of an open door to the oppressed of all nations. Today, apparently, Americans fear British revolutionaries more than the British do. For that some of us feel shame, but the ordinary newspaper reader will respond rather by curiosity than by anger. Who, after all, is Saklatvala, and what did he want to say? Mr. Kellogg has aroused an interest in him that did not exist. *The Nation* will print next week a brief article outlining Mr. Saklatvala's belief that for the sake of world peace the British Empire must be dissolved. This week we quote from the speech in Parliament which aroused such maudlin fear in the American Secretary of State. It is, indeed, imperative to quote it honestly, for Mr. Kellogg is apparently more than afraid. His citations from Mr. Saklatvala's speech give every appearance of being deliberately misleading. In his official statement Mr. Kellogg said that the question of Mr. Saklatvala's admission had been raised "on account of his inflammatory and revolutionary speeches." As an example he quoted from an address made by Mr. Saklatvala in the British House of Commons on July 9. We give below, in italics, the passages from that speech cited by Mr. Kellogg, and, in ordinary type, some of the fragments of sentences and context which he excised, apparently in order to deceive the American public:

> *I plead guilty that I am at the bottom of many of the Communist manifestos and the Communist propaganda in India. I am not ashamed of it,* and I say that my work is a hundred times more humanitarian than the work of all your missionaries and merchants taken together. Why are you taking this bigoted, narrow-minded view of life? You talk about agriculture. What do you discuss? "Shall Lancashire have more cotton from India than in the past?" "Shall England have more wheat from India than in the past?" That is said to be studying agriculture. I appeal to you to study agriculturalists and not agricultural profits. It is alleged that whatever is said in this House travels abroad and creates misunderstanding. Why be afraid of the truth being known abroad? *I, as a Communist, as a true believer in internationalism, do not speak with the intention of offending, but with the intention of giving a shock to your mentality,* so that you can think in terms of humanity instead of in terms of banking accounts and profits. . . .
>
> You are talking to the twentieth century in terms of eighteenth-century lawyers when you refer to subversive propaganda, sedition, and revolution. They are the birthrights of modern nations, and they are the birthrights of the modern Indians just as much as they were your birthrights. *I, for one, will not yield to terrorism. I am going to carry on subversive propaganda, revolutionary propaganda, Communist propaganda, international propaganda, with the assistance of the Russians and the Chinese and the Germans and the British.*

The reader may judge how accurately Mr. Kellogg's quotations represent Mr. Saklatvala's thought. We wish we had space to quote more of his passionate denunciation of British misrule in India. It was an eloquent and powerful speech, buttressed by facts and figures, for Mr. Saklatvala besides being a Communist was a successful and resourceful figure in the management of one of India's greatest steel works.

But, after all, beyond exposing the indecency of Mr. Kellogg's misquotation, the character of the speech is irrelevant. The fundamental question is whether the American people are grown up, or to be treated as children. Is their reading to be selected for them? Is a paternal government to choose for them what speakers they may hear? Are they not to be trusted to make up their own minds? All of which, boiled down, amounts to this: Is America to be a democracy, after all? The founding fathers had one answer to that question. The fidgety gentleman whom the Washington reporters call "Nervous Nellie" Kellogg has another, and Calvin Coolidge agrees with him. It is time to wake up. If there is any law permitting our bureaucrats to censor the opinions of visiting foreigners, it should be repealed; and if not, the bureaucrats should be set to more useful labor.

The China Conference and After

THE Conference on China which met at Baltimore from September 17 to 20 resulted in a most valuable exchange of opinions and in some conclusions which are bound to be genuinely useful in educating public opinion in this country. Contrary to some sensational newspaper accounts, there were no dissensions but merely the differences of opinion that ought to take place in every such gathering if it is to have vitality and vigor. Although there was much doubt as to whether the conference under the terms of its call was entitled to pass resolutions, it finally adopted by an overwhelming vote the report of one of its sub-committees as expressing the general sentiment of the conference. It was declared in this that extraterritoriality should be abolished and tariff autonomy be given to the Chinese at the earliest possible moment—the method and exact time was left, of course, to the conferences to be held on these subjects in Peking in October and December, but the necessity of prompt action was emphasized. More important still was the provision urging the United States Government to take a position of vigorous leadership in both these conferences and to proceed independently if the Powers did not move in the right direction with all promptness.

This is an admirable outcome of the conference, for this is precisely the policy that every true friend of the United States and China ought to advocate. The conference developed, of course, the historic difference of opinion to be found in every reform movement between those who believe that the most expedient policy is to do the right thing at once and those who are sure that the proposed action is right in principle but that one must be practical and not do the right thing just yet lest immediate action offend somebody, be

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taken as a criticism of some government, or jeopardize a few dollars. The business group at the China conference sincerely and earnestly championed the idea of delay, but when challenged to formulate a constructive policy to take the place of a ringing declaration in favor of immediate withdrawal—"immediate" meaning, of course, the time necessary to make reasonable readjustments—was unable to propose any constructive policy. The sentiment of the conference was fortunately overwhelmingly in favor of withdrawal and of placing China on an absolute basis of equality. The usual imperialist talk of governing a backward race in its own interest failed to convince.

Especially effective were the arguments of Nathaniel Peffer and Charles R. Crane; the latter warned the conference most solemnly that the situation in China is "slipping," that there is no time to be lost in doing the right thing by the Chinese if we are not to see genuine disaster in China. Other grave words as to the imminent danger of allowing things to drift and of continuing the present stupid policy of the Allied Powers carried their warning. Not the least effective of the arguments was that put forth by R. E. Diffendorffer, who spoke for the missionary bodies as the most important business organization in China, and declared for immediate withdrawal from the business point of view. It is not necessary to inquire now as to all the motives that led to this action; with some it was perhaps less a desire for right doing per se than a fear that if the wishes of the Chinese are not granted the foreigners may yet find themselves kicked into the seas and their luggage thrown after them. But the gratifying thing is that the right conclusion was arrived at, and by many out of the sheerest idealism and devotion to justice.

The timeliness of the conference was well illustrated by the speech made by Austen Chamberlain on September 18 in which he once more reiterated that England will not forward reforms until China has established a stable government throughout the length and breadth of its land—the same stupid position as that taken by our own government. From diplomats and Anglo-Saxon hypocrites may the Lord preserve us! That simply means that the question of restoring sovereignty to China would be postponed fifty years. If it is postponed for five months after the December conference tragic things are likely to happen, and meanwhile the British merchant for whom Mr. Chamberlain is so concerned is losing in Shanghai alone one million and a half dollars a day—one business man was frank enough to say that no amount of extraterritoriality was worth a million and a half dollars a day. Of course, the Powers have said nothing new whatever in their latest note; they said the same thing at the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments when nine nations declared that they were "prepared to relinquish extraterritorial rights when satisfied that the state of the Chinese laws, the arrangements for their administration, and other considerations warrant" them in so doing. They cannot continue to hold this position without waking up some morning to find that China has denounced all the extraterritorial provisions and assumed her own sovereignty. Then these so-called Christian nations will have to decide whether they propose to uphold their treaties by bloodshed. To prevent this disaster and the possibility of another World War finding its origins in China decent men and women in every country must now bend their efforts.

"Native" Literature

THERE exists a good deal of misconception upon the subject of "native" literature. Overzealous enthusiasts for nationalism are constantly decrying foreign influence and demanding that American literature shall be 100 per cent pure, even though they happen to be people who would shudder at that phrase and do not mean Ku Klux when they say American. Sometimes it is the fancied effect of the Russians upon Sherwood Anderson which disturbs them, sometimes merely a Gallic turn of thought or phrase in someone else; purely native themes and purely native thoughts are always the remedies prescribed. We are advised to turn our eyes away from Europe and even, sometimes, to seek for a really native past among the Indians.

As for the latter suggestion, nothing could be more highly artificial. Spiritually, we have today little more relation with the Indian than we have with the Hottentot, and whatever might have been possible in the earlier days when our forefathers could have brought themselves into contact with other living culture, only the archaeologist can profitably concern himself today with its fading remnants. Indian legends and Indian customs are hardly closer to us than the Chinese, and though, like the latter, they may serve for an exotic coloring, they are no part of our souls. Nor can the less fanatical advocates of a more vaguely defined native tradition educe from the history of literature much to support their case. Literature has always begun with an influence and a borrowing.

Greece, though her origins are lost in obscurity, undoubtedly borrowed from Egypt, and the literature of the Romans would have been, in all probability, nothing at all had they not been glad to take forms, thoughts, and aims from the Greeks. When Italian literature was born it was born because there were classics to be copied, and from Italy the influence passed through France to England, creating in each case a literature where no literature had been able to create itself. In later years France fructified both Germany and Russia, and in no great nation of Europe is there a national literature which is not also derivative. Chaucer owed his art to a visit to a strange land, Shakespeare certainly showed no exclusive preference for "native themes" and welcomed whatever "foreign influence" could reach him. Shall America alone of all the nations of Western Christendom be utterly self-sufficient, demanding someone more American than Shakespeare was English?

Ballads, legends, and sagas—these, perhaps, may be thoroughly native, but the spirit of self-conscious literature is always an importation. It is a sort of precious yeast carried from land to land and leavening a whole nation. It works in native material and is never a contamination. Whenever it germinates in a spirit really rich the product is genuine art, and when the only result is a flabby imitation without something wholly distinctive one may be sure that there was nothing there to be spoiled. Nor need anyone fear lest American literature should not be really American; wherever its authors borrow their leaven, their souls are bound, if they have any, to be their own. However hard he may have tried, Chaucer could not possibly become an Italian, and no American can cease to be an American, provided that he is, to begin with, anything at all. The only racial birthright which a man can renounce is one that he never really had.

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Shall State Universities Take "Tainted Money"?

By ZONA GALE

[The University of Wisconsin recently refused a proffered gift from the General Education Board. Miss Gale, who as one of the regents of the university voted against accepting the money, discusses below the reasons for such action.]

THE propriety of the acceptance of subsidies by State-supported educational institutions has been brought into question once more by the recent action of the regents of the University of Wisconsin, who have passed, nine to six, the following resolution: "That no gifts, donations, or subsidies shall in future be accepted by or on behalf of the University of Wisconsin from any incorporated educational endowments or organizations of like character."

The opposition to this action, both by members of the board and by editorial comment in the press, is generally based on the following grounds:

That the incorporated educational endowments are giving large sums to educational institutions, and that the university or college which does not accept these gifts, and seek them, will find itself in a half century falling far behind those to whom such gifts are made.

That these great fortunes cannot better be used than to be put into the hands of State-governed institutions, which are conceivably less likely to be controlled than the smaller private institution, and by these State institutions employed in research work for human benefit.

That there are no "strings" attached to these gifts; that no stipulation whatever is made as to subject or method of teaching or type of instructor; and that these foundations not only do not seek but do not wish publicity for such donations.

That history shows centralized wealth invariably dispersed and in the mere course of events absorbed by the people; and that the making of these gifts, alike to State-supported and to private institutions, is but a wise and deliberate application of a process that will take place in any case.

Those who approve the passage of the resolution do so primarily for the two following reasons:

That the whole theory of democracy is involved. The acceptance of large sums of money, the world over, subjects the beneficiary to potential control.

That though private institutions are dependent on private endowments, State-supported institutions are dependent on the State. That this should be true of a State university just as it should be true of a State legislature, to which no offer of monopoly money for research, legal or social or otherwise, would for a moment be publicly countenanced; and, if such an offer is informally made and accepted and discovered, it is not named a benefaction. But the independence of the lawmakers of a State is no more vital to society than the independence of the university faculty and students. If ever we have a national university which is more than a national university in name, it will be supported by the government and not by the monopolies.

In considering the four specific grounds already cited, the supporters of the resolution hold:

First, that it is impossible to believe that State-supported education in the United States will fall behind if it continues to look for support to the States which created it; or that State-supported education in the United States will ever owe its progress primarily to monopoly money. But if there should be such a consummation, then it would be worth while to have remained a State university which has kept its self-determination at any price.

Second, that the words "tainted money" have not the chief emphasis, but rather the words "State-supported education." That if it were possible for monopolies to exercise perfection in their methods, State-supported education still should not look to them for bounty. Since these fortunes exist, they cannot be dispersed in a better way than to be used in human service, but none the less monopolies should be excluded from State-supported educational institutions. It is not so much the past of this money as its future influence which is in question, an influence which may be quite unintended on the part of those who have come by such fortunes.

Third, that the fact that there are no "strings" attached to these gifts and that the educational corporations do not wish publicity for their gifts has nothing to do with the real objections, which go far deeper. One of these objections was voiced by Professor Josiah Royce in a paper read at the first meeting of the Association of American University Professors, and was based on a report on Middlebury College, Vermont, by one of the educational foundations. His was the fear of standardization, of the loss of what he called a "wise provincialism in education." The relations between State control and private benefactions he regarded as among "the most various and the most delicate with which academic life has to deal." Any such far-seeing discussion of the academic objections to such benefactions reveals by implication that the crude method of "strings" is not one which can enter this situation as a measuring-rod. But the academic danger of standardization is to many not so important as the social danger pointed out in 1915 in the report of the Federal Industrial Relations Committee appointed by President Wilson, which found that "the domination by the men in whose hands the final control of a large part of American industry rests is rapidly being extended to the control of education and public service in the United States; and one of the means of the exercise of this control is by the endowment of colleges and universities, and by the creation of funds for the pensioning of teachers." Any mere stipulation as to type of professor or of teaching or of method could never approach in importance the tacit influence exercisable by the gift of several hundred thousand dollars to a department—and by the hope of more. The whole matter is far more delicate and difficult to weigh and to balance than might be a situation which merely had to deal with anything so obvious as stipulations or conditions. Really, one's sympathy is with the faculties. It is bad enough to be regulated by boards of regents and an occasional act of legislation, without taking aboard potential monopoly control too.

Fourth, it is true that these fortunes will in time be

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absorbed by the people, and that all centralized wealth will be dispersed and will sink back into the treasury of the race. In an address this year before the Wisconsin Bar Association, Dr. John R. Commons pointed out the slow transformations and stabilizations in this regard which have already taken place, and that to such adjustment in the future we have certainly to adapt ourselves. This certainty, however, does not imply the desirability of all specific transformations. A certain deliberate selectiveness in transformations is to be conceded, and it is of the essence of our new insight in social control that we can hasten or deter some such transformations, both social and economic. The constructive thought of the world has lately agreed upon the sovereign importance of free schools, free from every obligation save to State or municipality. In our slow and painful process of decentralizing wealth there is no occasion to enlist State-supported educational institutions nor to make them dependents.

And here is observable the application of the democratic principle that no matter how much better administered an institution may be whose wheels run smoothly under outside control, direct or indirect, intentional or accidental, there are to be preferred the jolts and cranks and delays of a government propelled from within. There is to be preferred, too, the popular psychology which arises from self-support.

If anything is American, this is American. To that policy we in this country are committed—or we think that we are—in government. In State-supported education we really are committed to it.

Thus the substance of the position of those supporting the anti-subsidy resolution at Wisconsin University is this: That for State educational institutions to look to the monopoly system for any part of their support is consonant neither with the free public-school idea nor with the democratic ideal.

The Predicament of American Labor

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

I. The New Unionism

THE new unionism is rapidly passing from a fashion to the major strategy of American labor. Since 1920 thirty-three labor banks have been opened, with an aggregate initial capitalization of $10,250,000, commanding resources ten times as large. The investment companies of the Locomotive Engineers, capitalized at $24,000,000, demand a good deal more administrative attention than their labor policy. The unions are revamping their old mutual benefit and burial associations into modern unemployment, health, life, accident, old age, and group insurance companies. Labor is going into personnel administration, scientific co-management, medical social work, and not merely into cooperative but even into commercial business. Workers' education is busily extending its curriculum in this highly respectable *proletcult*. There is no end of educators, experts, and technicians who would thus liberate the worker on the technological instalment plan, revolution-proof, into his full industrial citizenship.

Of course, technical competence is even more essential to industrial democracy than it is to our present industrial plutocracy, which feeds primarily on waste. But, by definition, technique is but a means. And like all means it is a double weapon. Just in so far as the new unionism is not being watchfully used as a means to conquer and control an adverse industrial environment, it is broadening into an avenue to escape it. Its technology is in grave danger of becoming merely a body of rationalizations, with a growing "expert" bureaucracy to administer these rationalizations. The new unionism is a road to freedom only to the degree to which it is militantly vigilant of the protective character of the labor movement. Otherwise it is a detour into the anarchy of competitive industry.

This vital commonplace is easily checked up. The Amalgamated Banks are distinctly strengthening the militancy of the men's clothing workers by investing only in enterprises sympathetic to the labor movement and by aiding their own membership on a quasi-Morris Plan in times of stress. The Locomotive Engineers, on the other hand, have gone so indiscriminatingly into the general credit system that, at least in one instance, their financial interest in a large Eastern railroad made them forego their bargaining responsibilities. Though the late Warren S. Stone was, to my mind, right in the particulars of his quarrel with John L. Lewis of the miners, he was egregiously wrong in going into bituminous production in a largely unorganized field, whence he could not possibly compete in the open market without disgraceful labor consequences. The Cloth Hat, Cap and Millinery Workers have wisely forced their employers to be the sole contributors to an unemployment fund, which is entirely administered by the union; for unemployment should be wholly the employer's risk. The larger needle trades, on the other hand, are taking at least some chances of emasculating their militancy in the direction of a cooperative unemployment dole.

The Brookwood Labor College is doing excellent work in so far as it is training reasonably permanent trade unionists in applied trade unionism. But many labor colleges and classes, by duplicating the cultural work of other institutions under the captious illusion that learning goes with class, are merely contributing—paradoxically enough—to the escape of their students from the labor movement. And technical cooperation with the employer is good labor strategy only if the worker's increased efficiency, and fatigue, are registered not merely in the purely sedative stabilization of his personal employment but in a sensitively correlated bonus. In this sense, the guaranteed efficiency of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers is a realistic policy, for they get paid even for experimental operations. The B. and O. Plan in the railroad shops, however, is slowly proving to be largely an opportunist strategy, with most of the opportunities being woven into the network of the carriers. Its claim of stabilizing employment in the long run is based on notoriously illusory economics; it is primarily the scientific management of the market, and not of the job, which equalizes and distributes work.

Along with the official new-union development there are a score of private organizations moved by technical good-

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will toward the workers. Of these the Labor Bureau is by far the most effective. It is an economic research corporation of invaluable service to the trade unions. But most of these private bodies—"workers' bureaus" for recreation, health, film service, research societies on What Christ Would Do About It, labor secretaryships in the birth-control and pacifist movements—are apt to be more officious than legitimate.

In brief, the new unionism must not be judged merely as a technology. Any new strategy in a militant movement must be judged first on the score of its infusion of a new morale and only secondarily on the score of its specific contribution.

II. The Real Story

The truth is that American labor has never been, relatively, so weak, so utterly deflated and yet restless spiritually, so vitally endangered economically, so inarticulate and unrepresented politically, so torn and bruised by factional bitterness and worse, since the early nineties, if then. This sad plight is the sole topic among the rank and file and the real worry of the leaders. The United Mine Workers, our largest, most basic, most powerful, and historically most militant union, is fighting for its very life in the soft-coal fields. By present indications it is fighting a losing battle. It is, indeed, under a purely political leadership engaged in a defeatist struggle. Instead of bending every effort upon organizing the unorganized fields, the Lewis administration has been consolidating, since 1920, its political machine in the already organized fields. The Jacksonville Agreement of 1924 is a mere paper agreement, which disables the majority of coal operators in the Central Competitive Field from competing with the scab mines of West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Mr. Lewis agrees with Secretary Hoover, rightly, that there are twice too many mines and twice too many miners. But by squeezing the organized field he is merely driving the coal market into open-shop arms openly extended. The open-shop operators in West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee—who are paying only $2.50 as against the day wage of $7.50 in the organized field, who have a better quality of coal and a favorable freight rate—are now forming a half-a-billion-dollar corporation, whose increased efficiency is bound to disrupt the organized market still further. The bituminous miners, of whom a fluctuating 60 per cent are working, work only between twelve to fifteen hours a week, and these few hours are rent by sporadic strikes of unrest. Secretary Mellon has just put his extensive coal properties into the open shop. West Virginia is unorganizable within the measurable future. In the much smaller anthracite industry, one of our few really profiteering industries, the miners may conceivably get the check-off at the compromise of a 10 per cent wage increase. Never, since the foundation of the union in 1890, has there been such a profound and ominous apathy among the rank and file.

But when we look into the unions which are in the vanguard of the new unionism, conditions are not much more hopeful. The Locomotive Engineers are gradually segmenting themselves away from the labor movement by a trade-union capitalism, which is unconsciously suppressing its trade-union psychology. In fact, the "aristocratic" train-service brotherhoods, whose "concerted movement" of over a quarter of a century was tending toward some sort of sodality, if not solidarity, of railroad labor, have gone back to the crassest craft separatism. The International Ladies' Garment Workers Union—which has an excellent educational department, two banks, an unemployment-insurance fund, a health center, and even a summer resort—is nevertheless now in a more precarious position than ever before. The Communists, who are irresponsibly disruptive in their attack on its present leadership, are merely taking advantage of the deep unrest which is agitating the members. The market of the industry is seriously disorganized by the influx of parasitic jobbers, the union is torn by bitter strife, the curse of gangsterism is difficult of eradication, contractual relations with the employers are handled unskilfully, and dual unionism is raising its hydra head against an administration of which the chief redeeming feature is that its good intentions equal its inability to face its post-war problems.

Factionalism, recondite jurisdictional quarrels to the bitter end, craft fixation, and jealousy are on the increase throughout our labor movement. Since their disastrous strike in 1922 the railroad shop crafts have lost 175,000 members, the machinists leading with a loss of 101,000. Yet President Johnston of the machinists has still further courted this pernicious anemia by "suspending" Vice-President Anderson from the organization, though Anderson's strength was evidenced by the fact that in the recent election he received 17,076 votes for the presidency as against Johnston's 18,021. Anderson's crime lay in his accusation that he was counted out. That his accusation was not fantastically slanderous was brought out by the report of the two official Grand Lodge tellers, one of whom was a Johnston appointee, who "found . . . that the ballots . . . (were) irregular, illegal, and in some cases fraudulent." In the carpenters', in the Illinois miners', in the railway clerks' unions the recent elections were conducted with equal bitterness, accompanied by "suspensions" of the opposition. Never before in the history of American labor has its leadership acted so overtly on the presupposition that the labor movement is its vested interest.

The American Federation of Labor is also gradually drifting into the new unionism. It is going into labor banking, it has accepted the affiliation of the Workers' Education Bureau, it is working out a plan of life insurance, the *American Federationist* has changed its make-up into the semblance of an academic journal and it prints four articles on technical industrial problems for each one on labor policy. Yet, since 1920 the A. F. of L. has lost a little over 1,200,000 members, which is almost exactly the number gained by the company union movement during the same period, a shift which is by no means unconnected. But in spite of this shift, President Green refused an auspicious request by President John Gross of the Colorado Federation of Labor to aid in the organization of the Pueblo Steel Works, which operate on a company union basis. His reason was that he could not infringe on the autonomy of the sixteen executive bodies involved in the sixteen crafts in the steel industry. President Green, personally a liberal and decent man, also had to countenance the recent strike-breaking of the United Garment Workers in Chicago against the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, whose control of the men's clothing trades is still officially "outlawed." All his public pronouncements emphasize that labor means no trouble, that it is anxious to cooperate with

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capital, with state and church and school. Not that labor should not as far as possible work with all these forces. But it certainly is not the burden of the labor movement to sign gentlemen's agreements. Its burden is to protect the worker and to cooperate with other social groups within and not without this protective tariff of his life and labor.

Mr. Green's Fabianism expresses the general depression of labor. Everywhere it is forced to "give away conditions," if not contractually then by an enforced reinterpretation of work rules, which invariably deflate the pay envelope. Here and there wages are being cut even in the organized trades, or they are maintained at the cost of locked-out employment. The mean average real wage of the organized worker has been practically stationary since the armistice. The unorganized workers, on the other hand, whose treatment always reflects the respect in which organized labor is held by the employer, have received terrific wage cuts within the last year. In short, the fatalistic optimism that American labor is "awakening" to its responsibilities is merely the illusion of our hectic day that to do is also to accomplish.

III. Why the Bankruptcy?

In a more illuminating sense, leaders do not lead but express a movement. The present bankruptcy of American labor can not be blamed entirely on its hierarchy. It lies in certain historic maladjustments which labor suffered during the growth of our great industry.

American history is best understood as a succession of rapid and overlapping social frontiers. The conquest of the national domain, begun by the agrarian pioneer, was actually closed by another class, the industrial-capitalist adventurer. And before he could complete the logic of his exploitation to its present culture, he had to meet the resistance of labor on the industrial frontier. Roughly, the Gompers era—from the eighties to the World War—laid the pioneer foundations of American labor. In his own person Gompers supremely expressed the guerrilla chieftain. Pugnacious, bigoted, uncivilized, extraordinarily human, incorruptible, and loyal, he held the lesser autonomous trade-union chiefs by the sheer force of his morale. Day in and day out he fought a catch-as-catch-can battle for better hours, wages, work rules—striking, sniping, picketing, and retreating with a vigilance which bespoke genius. And in his ignorance of social theory he actually confused this simple opportunism with the highest form of "philosophical anarchism."

But the price of these bush-whacking tactics, necessary as they were, proved to be usurious. It meant that all "intellectuals" within the labor movement had to be knocked on the head, for the intellectual* was temperamentally for a more synthetic strategy which might accelerate labor to meet the rapid consolidation of capital. Gompers identified such philosophies with "radicalism." And he spent most of his time in keeping the intellectuals out of the labor movement, half-consciously tolerating enough "old-time" trade-union Socialists to form a weak left wing in the American Federation of Labor, so that he might use their opposition as a permanent counter-reformation against the more reactionary of his fellow-leaders.

Due to this enforced arrested development, the intellectuals actually did remain steeped in that utopian sectarianism which characterizes all early social movements. The by-ways of American labor are strewn with the bones of all kinds of populist Holy Rollers, of half a dozen different Socialist denominations, of two I. W. W. sects, of anarcho-syndicalisms which constantly swayed "back to nature" and forward to the industrial union. The more practical among the intellectuals joined the social-reform movement, under the fond illusion that they could gnaw the hand that fed them into a stump helpless against the working class. The result was that both the radical intellectual and the liberal intellectual were effectively out of the labor movement. Labor had to rely on its own intellectual resources, which, however, were daily fine-combed by an environment in which ability was far more generously appreciated elsewhere. Accordingly, American labor has grown up during the last half century into one of the most naive of all labor movements, trying to function in the most industrial of all countries.

Still, during the decade just before the war, the sheer pressure of experience and the still greater pressure of capitalist consolidation began to educate the laborocracy toward the need of some sort of inner harmony. The labor frontier was beginning to settle in spite of the "cultural lag" of its leaders. The business agent, the walking delegate was still—and for that matter is yet—the omnipotent and omnignorant "Grand Lodge officer" of the union. Even now, the "organizer," whose anti-intellectual tradition has prevented his personal cultivation, performs most of the intellectual functions of the movement. He keeps the books, he draws up contracts, he edits the labor press, he is the "legislative agent." None the less, at the turn of this century suicidal "jurisdictional disputes" were increasingly settled by the simple device of the big union swallowing the little one. Hysterical craft separatism was tending, if not toward industrial unionism, at least toward that nominal craft federalism which is typified in the different industrial "departments" of the A. F. of L. The concerted movement in the Railroad Brotherhoods looked very hopeful. The banker, who was gradually displacing the industrialist, was met at least with "programs" for the nationalization of the basic industries. Labor was gradually beginning to feel its concerted strength.

The war upset all this. During the war the government gave labor a powerful opiate of propaganda, which inspired it with roseate visions of its place in "a world made safe for democracy." The A. F. of L. hitched its machine to the time-machine of the Wilsonian crusade. But when the war was over labor had to face one paramount fact: American capital, in eighteen short months, had swollen into the imperial creditor of the world. And, in proportion, labor's power had been deflated into next to nothing. The series of open-shop drives after the armistice, whose "openness" consisted entirely in its brutal frankness, took away most of labor's wind. And its defensive strikes acted as a boomerang. During the height of the open-shop attack organized labor was losing 90,000 members a month. Between the armistice and the La Follette campaign it was losing a mean average of 200,000 members annually. From these terrific blows in the economic field it staggered into

* By the term "intellectual" I mean the man or woman of formal education, usually from the middle class, who joined the interests of labor in the belief that it is the only efficient instrument for industrial democracy; and who, therefore, denies its character as a vested interest of the manual worker.—*The Author.*

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the political arena. Even Gompers "non-partisanly" came out for La Follette. But in the political field it found big business no less intrenched. Yet the very complexity of the post-war period forced upon labor ever greater technical responsibilities. And so it invited the "tired radical" to give up both his fatigue and his radicalism and join the labor movement as an "expert."

In the meantime the Russian revolution, by refraction, had completely blinded whatever indigenous left wing we had in the labor movement. The I. W. W., who had growled on its rim for a dozen years, shrank from about 50,000 to a measly 12,500. The old Socialist Party, which had been allowed to function as the administration's whipping boy in the A. F. of L., was almost completely knocked out by the Communists. The intelligent minority in the party, of course, would not join the Children's Crusade of the American Bolsheviks. And so they, as well as most of the other radical intellectuals, ran under the protecting wings of the labor oligarchy. They joined the A. F. of L. both economically and politically—from the left. The liberal intellectuals joined it, mostly as experts, from the right. And the labor boss is still supreme.

Indeed, the labor movement is today more boss-ridden than ever before. The general deflation makes organization campaigns and inner concerted movements almost impossible. And so the leader is trying to hold on through politics. The pre-war concerted movement is dead. Craft separatism is once more flagrant. And, to a large degree, the new unionism is but a new song-and-dance to pacify the masses, to fight insurgency, and to counteract the welfare work of the employer.

The new unionism is also a reflection in the world of labor of our new idolatry of the scientific methodist. The social-reform movement is pasteurizing the milk of human kindness in community chests, foundations for mutual investigation, organizations for further organizing—with an abracadabra as technical as the theory of equations. The "social gospel" of religious modernism is equally "scientific" in its apologetics. The educational psychologists are bureaucratizing education through mental tests and new examinations from kindergarten to the doctoral degree. All these officious rigmaroles have, of course, nothing to do with bona fide science. But big business is cleverly exploiting them in terms of welfare work, employees' representation schemes, personnel administration, and the other trimmings in the windows of the open shop. The labor movement will instinctively save the new unionism from being subverted to these ends. But at present the line of demarcation between the new unionism and the new philanthropy is very hazy.

IV. The Hope of the New Union

No one in his senses will quarrel with the fundamental educational and technical aspirations of the new union. In this country industrialism has progressed too intricately to be guided by the example of the Russian revolution. The fundamental instinct of the new union that the American worker must work out his problems on and through and with his job is sound; for his genuine control of the job is ultimately bound to have a straightening effect upon the crazy market of competitive production. But the new union can develop into the receiver of our bankrupt labor movement only if it shifts toward the left. It must, and in the nature of industrial society it likely will, become an instrument to raise labor's standard of living, to organize the unorganized, to abolish "jurisdictional disputes" among the crafts which have to be revamped into modern industrial organizations. It should by all means "collaborate" with the employer, but on terms of a mutual guaranty and not on the theory of the Golden Rule. For through the alchemy of profit even its gold is transmuted into dividends.

"May Days"*

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

THE four years' task of choosing three hundred poems for the Masses Liberator Anthology of Verse took me over and over the old bound volumes, and brought me face to face with a continuity—and a severance.

That is, I stepped back abruptly through the looking-glass into a literary and political world that seemed both familiar and strange—a preposterous world, but never for a moment an alien one. What I saw had the same fascination that the face of your father at the age of sixteen has, when you come upon it peering from an album, for the first time after years of preoccupation with your own generation. Of course, only part of father's face is here. To put the whole portrait together I would have to get files of *Others, Seven Arts,* and the *Little Review;* find pictures of the first suffrage parades, and the speeches of social reformers reported in the New York *Times;* follow the editorial risings and sinkings of *The Nation* and the *New Republic;* and see, by some act of the imagination, the expression on the faces of the crowds who went to the Armory Show in 1912 to watch the Nude descend the stairs.

A war and a revolution and five or six famines have something to do with the severance I felt. Behind the human extremity of those slow war years we discover the preceding period in parade down Fifth Avenue: white horses, purple banners, and a phalanx of well-shod middle-class women, demanding—and getting—the ballot! Elsewhere, a little off the center, we find Frank Tanenbaum and Arturo Giovannitti stirring liberal opinion with the news that, for a few in the commonwealth at least, this is not quite the best possible world. Behind them, the shadow of Upton Sinclair, who, perhaps all by himself, hatched this germ of middle-class discontent during the muck-raking period just preceding when he jerked double the respectable consumer of Chicago slaughter-house meat; acute stomach-ache hit a hypochondriac nation and an uneasy idea grew: Perhaps even for the middle class this was not the best possible world—

> Factory windows are always broken.
> Something or other is going wrong.
> Something is rotten—I think, in Denmark . . .

* This article was prepared as an introduction to the Masses Liberator Anthology of Verse to be published this fall by Boni and Liveright.

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That was the state of mind. Something was wrong. Probably in Denmark. Where else? Not terribly wrong. Just wrong enough to insure a holiday.

And the holiday had numerous events and several attractive features. There was zealous social work, backed by optimistic social theory; humanitarian crusades abounded, gracious amateur movements made a mushroom growth. This activity was never ruthless or bitter, but earnest, idealistic—always Christian.

Our awakening was like us. There was not much reflection or arduous labor. Austerity and desperate struggle were absent. It was a happy, well-bred, and lively society, although it desired to be much more. The air was clear and exciting and the hour was the hour of seven on a spring morning. May days, indeed. . . . Dignity was not the fashion. Boredom, ennui, were not the fashion. There was so much to be said, done, thought, seen, tried out. The youth of the land was getting out of doors and all winter taboos were being broken:

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven.

It was easy to read the *Masses* in those days. I say easy after following all the indignant letters protesting against Carl Sandburg's Billy Sunday or Billy Williams's Ballad (G. B. S. was one of the protestants that time) or Floyd Dell's articles on birth control. It was easy in spite of all the shock it gave the college-professor, college-student audience, because its shock was pleasurable for those who could stand it and centered chiefly on breaking down prudery and traditional dogma. It hit few class or economic sore spots—not because it did not aim at them but because class fear in the reader had not been genuinely aroused. If he could skip the fine print of Max Eastman's monthly Knowledge and Revolution he could swallow the rest—usually. At any rate this early reader seldom began to fidget, fearing bloody upheaval, seeing himself, wife, and baby flung out of security into a great flux. This magazine was so obviously the voice of a harmless minority. Although its editor pounded away at the distinction between reform and the seizure of economic power by the working class, he failed to keep them separate in the mind of the middle-class intellectual because events themselves had not yet made them separate.

Because this magazine of rebellion was edited, in spite of its title, for the bourgeois liberal, to give him the freedom he had grown needy of, and because, although it did talk in a very specific and realistic tone of voice about the proletariat, it did not talk *to* the proletariat, scoffers said, rightly enough:

> They draw nude women for the *Masses*,
> Thick, fat, ungainly lasses—
> How does that help the working classes?

When it came to it—really helping the working classes a little later—scoffers, along with the bulk of the other readers, found the magazine exceedingly hard to read. But by that time they were not confined to the *Masses* any longer. That early note of gleeful scorn for the bourgeois and his lady, his ideas about sex, literature, art, politics, furniture, et cetera, has been the cue for nearly all the best sellers ever since. The 500,000 Americans who sat up nights with "Main Street" in 1920, and "So Big" in 1924, and Ring Lardner in 1925, would read the 1913-1914 *Masses* with chuckles of delight, if they could get them. Lewis, Lardner, and Ferber are not as hard nor as clear as their spasmodic original. Sherwood Anderson, John Dos Passos, Edmund Wilson, John Howard Lawson, and Eugene O'Neill would have written, *Masses* or no *Masses*, but they would have had to spend more time under water grubbing along on the floor of the ocean if the dredging had not begun earlier. The little magazine taken over by John Sloan's group for the publication of its drawings and gradually altered into a news letter for the hungry idealist had as curious a range of contributors as of readers. Gelett Burgess, Inez Haynes Gillmore, William English Walling, Lincoln Steffens, Amy Lowell, Jimmie Hopper, Will Levington Comfort, Mary Heaton Vorse, Harry Kemp, Sherwood Anderson, Howard Brubaker, Ernest Poole, Charles Edward Russell, Witter Bynner, Irwin Granich, William Rose Benét, J. E. Spingarn, Margaret Widdemer—if this rabble made up its contributors, you ask, just what was the magazine as a whole trying to say? Nevertheless the family was congenial. Because its foe was so imperious and so vast it found more likenesses than differences within its ranks. The widest implications of even a revolutionary doctrine may throw a grateful shade in a great desert. Reginald Wright Kauffman and Pablo Picasso lay down together between the same editorial sheets.

It takes very few individuals to make a new age or explode an old one. That is, if the individuals themselves have hold on a vital substance. For me, and I think for numbers of others, there were few people writing in America in 1913 with the desire for a realistic grasp of our life as a whole. Creative artists dare not bite off more than they can chew; accordingly the novelists of the day who were in love with America were deliberately seeing the country as a confusion of parts, and choosing for themselves one part of the many. So far as I know there were only three people then who saw what we all see now—the identity of the land. At any rate only three registered themselves indelibly: Max Eastman, Jack Reed, and Floyd Dell. They were more than three people merely when you put them in close contact: They drew to themselves a swarm of excellent artists and social satirists—Max Eastman, realistic philosopher and poet; Floyd Dell, teacher and intimate psychologist; Jack Reed, man of action and human symbol for the time. Seen thus, working together, they are for America the most significant group that ever managed to dominate, for a time, an entire generation. They, and the *Masses* as their instrument, were of tremendous importance for every young middle- or working-class person just then coming alive within their radius. Their recorded sense of contemporary life has been a storehouse to which the diverse and quarreling publicist world has gone for its energy—the liberal editors of the New York *World*, *Vanity Fair's* humorists, Amalgamated organizers and pamphleteers, the *New Republic's* decorous contributors, *The Nation's* earnest ones, and the present proletarian intellectuals who conduct the *Daily Worker*, all have to some extent consciously or unconsciously reflected *Masses-Liberator* tutelage.

What was it they did? Well, to begin with, all three of them, although they would deny it, gave up being single-minded artists. They had started, all, as poets (which they might also consider unimportant) when something else caught them. They became obsessed by the unity of our

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life, the dance of it, and when they found themselves, after following the dance with abandon for a time, they were no longer poets—merely. In them was a fatal social-mindedness that made being artists a temptation which they put aside, somewhat reluctantly, for pressing matters in hand.

Floyd Dell expresses the struggle best in his own words. His writing abounds with the phrase "escape from reality"—the "escape" being preoccupation with a fantasy, or, as we put it, the writing of a great poem, a great novel, a great play. That was the temptation he and his companions resisted. They turned their backs on "escape" in the *Masses* days.

And to what purpose? There was this America—its politics, love life, industry, humor, architecture, education, poetry, dancing, clothing, drama, sport, language. . . . When the *Masses* group, cartoonists, artists, and editors, touched these subjects it was their combination of sophistication and naivete that made what they said so difficult to resist. These were in just the right proportions; they allowed part of the soul to remain childlike while another part acquired worldly wisdom, and discovered its delicious heritage of homely sound sense. The native shrewdness, the drawling humor that is called American because Mark Twain and Mr. Dooley and Abraham Lincoln had it, was coming up through the outlet afforded by this magazine, under layers of surface solemnity. The *Masses* set up its little tent between the two most social-minded tendencies then active in the American community—between the group that was liberal but Christian and the group that was rational but dull. It entertained them both with blithe impudence, being to some extent the child of both. The parents looked on as modern parents do, in awe of the little creature. Presently the child found its mission—that of de-bunking the society into which it had been born. A point of view known as Marxian, hitherto expressed in this land chiefly in undomesticated foreign gutterals, became, when simplified and translated into the idiom of Lincoln and Jefferson and Tom Paine, the new Yankee wisdom—shrewd, racy, materialistic.

And the awakening came none too soon. The world moved threateningly beneath everybody's feet. Big strikes, outrages; the Mooney case, the McNamara case; a nest of textile strikes shoved it on. Much grist for the mill, and good honest grinding. The European war stretched across the Atlantic. Holiday time almost over. It wasn't all going to be a battle of ideas, no indeed. A long way to Tipperary, Chicago slaughterhouses, Isadora Duncan dancing, and the bright, eager faces of suffrage parades glittering down the great avenues, Fifth, Michigan, Commonwealth. The *Masses* had a movement on its hands—people following, going where it led. It had created that following and now it had to take it some place. And a fight coming—America came into the war.

The world, abandoning even liberal Christianity and rationalism, went off its head. The *Masses* folks saw the spectacle. They knew that something might be done—but what, exactly? They kept their balance—if nothing else—in a world that began to whirl faster than a merry-go-round. Until Wilson's second election their heads were clear and until their trial most of alert young America was going to school in the *Masses* office.

When the trial came the three men tugged in separate directions and the triangle cracked.

Mr. Glintenkamp had drawn two pictures, and an assistant editor had printed them, while Max Eastman and Floyd Dell were away, busy in the larger turmoil. The Liberty Bell in collapse made a frontispiece; another, entitled Conscription, a few pages over. The magazine for August was refused the mails. In October followed another picture by the same artist, a naked young man with a too beautiful young face, a skeleton measuring him. Hot stuff. But they had all been doing hot stuff for years—Art Young, Boardman Robinson, Clive Weed, Robert Minor, Maurice Becker, Cornelia Barns, John Sloan, George Bellows. Only suddenly it wasn't simply hot stuff. It was treason.

Or so it became apparent—slowly, in spite of a cordial letter from President Wilson, visits with George Creel, and the decision of one judge in their favor. The post office would have none of them at first, remained silent for a time, and then, when the *Masses* went to court for the lost mailing privileges, turned swiftly and brought about the indictment.

The next spring, in April, 1918, Max Eastman, Floyd Dell, Art Young, Merrill Rogers, and Josephine Bell were

Two Poems by Max Eastman

The Lonely Bather

Loose-veined and languid as the yellow mist
That swoons along the river in the sun,
Your flash of passion pale and amber-kissed
With years of heat that through your veins have run,

You lie with aching memories of love
Alone and naked by the weeping tree,
And indolent with inward longing move
Your slim and sallow limbs despondently.

If love came warm and burning to your dream,
And filled you all your avid veins require,
You would lie sadly still beside the stream,
Sobbing in torture of that vivid fire;

The same low sky would weave its fading blue,
The river still exhale its misty rain,
The willow trail is waving over you,
Your longing only quickened into pain.

Bed your desire among the pressing grasses;
Lonely lie, and let your thirsting breasts
Lie on you, lonely, till the fever passes,
Till the undulation of your longing rests.

A Modern Messiah

Scarred with sensuality and pain
And weary labor in a mind not hard
Enough to think, a heart too always tender,
Sits the Christ of failure with his lovers.
They are wiser than his parables,
But he more potent, for he has the gift
Of hopelessness, and want of faith, and love.

Reprinted from "Colors of Life," by Max Eastman, with permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

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tried on the charge of conspiracy to obstruct recruiting and enlistment; with Morris Hillquit and Dudley Field Malone to defend them.

In the interval between December, 1917, and March, 1918, there had been no magazine. The *Masses* was fading into the protective coloration of the *Liberator*.

The first jury disagreed. A new trial was ordered. A second jury disagreed. The editors had won—and lost.

Jack Reed got off the magazine—reorganized under a compromise with the war spirit—died in Russia, lies buried in the Kremlin with Lenin. Not gifted as a facile or complex thinker, he escaped the blind-alley of opportunism, and took the road to death and enduring glory. The lines entitled Fog, his strange epitaph, assure him a no less permanent title as a poet.

Floyd Dell, who had never advocated much more than parliamentary socialism, and who believed, as many Bolsheviks do today, in conscription, was willing to go to jail but reluctant to go for an abstract principle he considered worthless. He stayed with the *Liberator*, to emerge at last as a popular novelist for the generation he had so long instructed.

Max Eastman determined to be a realist and keep the revolutionary home fires burning. This is his reply to Jack Reed's letter of resignation from the editorial board:

> I haven't a word of protest—only a deep feeling of regret.
>
> In your absence we all weighed the matter and decided it was our duty to the social revolution to keep this instrument we have created alive toward a time of great usefulness. You will help us with your writing and reporting, and that is all we ask.
>
> Personally, I envy you the power to cast loose when not only a good deal of the dramatic beauty but also the glamor of the abstract moral principle is gone out of this venture, and it remains for us merely the most effective and therefore right thing to do.

This is what perhaps nowadays we should call a rationalization. His followers, who agreed with him that a sincere radical does not run about the world courting martyrdom, still felt that a revolutionary leader does not purchase immunity from jail by repudiating his revolutionary opinions.

> PROSECUTING ATTORNEY: Will you tell us if the sentiments therein expressed (concerning the star-spangled banner), which I have just read to you, are your sentiments today?
>
> DEFENDANT: No, they are not, Mr. Barnes. My sentiments have changed a good deal. I think that when the boys begin to go over to Europe, and fight to the strains of that anthem, you feel very differently about it. You noticed that when it was played out there in the street the other day I did stand up. . . . I felt very sad; I felt very solemn, very sorrowful, because I thought of those boys over there dying by the thousands . . . with courage, and even laughter on their lips, because they are dying for liberty. . . .

Whether or not this retreat was a tactical error, Max Eastman did do what he set out to do. He did go on with the *Liberator*, forcibly modified as it was, and preserved what he could of the badly shattered body of the new philosophy. Significantly, because of his old quality of intellectual courage, Max Eastman was a Bolshevik when several of the present most prominent leaders were still anarchists, Mensheviks, or industrialists.

In its last days when the *Liberator* could not decide whether it wanted to be a propagandist or an artistic magazine or both it declined rapidly—what had been brilliant turned wastefully violent; what had been masterful was either harassed or sentimental. In November, 1924, the *Liberator* became incorporated with *Soviet Russia Pictorial* and the *Labor Herald* as the official organ of the Workers Party—rechristened the *Workers Monthly*.

But the *Masses-Liberator* spirit is gone—not so much dead as dispersed and divided. The magazine, until the war, was like a self-fertilizing tree. Social passion and creative beauty grew from the same branches. Now there has been pruning and grafting; we have in consequence two trees—the air is sultry—there is no cross pollenizing. The artists who were attracted to the *Masses* for its art have gone one way; the revolutionists another. The two factions regard each other with hostility and suspicion. The buds on the two trees wither for lack of each other. It is the artist's fault because he is afraid of revolution. It is the propagandist's fault for giving the artist a job he cannot perform. And it is nobody's fault, as well, but simply the effect of a world change.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has been moving. Not merely drifting for his pleasure but helping to move goods and chattels, bag and baggage, Lares and Penates. He regards it as a painful business. Since the earliest caveman picked up his arrow-heads and went in search of another home among the stone caverns the victims of moving have groaned and protested—and moved. Moving is one of the operations alike common and odious to mankind, which for reasons private or civic must be endured anywhere from three to twenty times in an ordinary lifetime. Neighborhoods depreciate from innumerable causes. Fire may necessitate exodus; noisy neighbors or crying babies may make it advisable. Houses are sold and fall into the hands of landlords who turn deaf ears to peeling paint and dilapidated wall-paper. A family may diminish or suddenly expand. There may be no reason at all beyond a primordial nomadic urge.

* * * * *

AND so certain friends of the Drifter have been moving, and he has been drawn into the melee. They have seen large apartments, small ones; bright and attractive and expensive floors overlooking Central Park; dull and grimy prisons in which the compartments which were called rooms followed one on the other with the depressing monotony of the cars of a railroad train. They have looked at tenements and flats, rooms and apartments, suites and floors. Some have had fireplaces and some fire-escapes; some neither. Many have clung to the ancient system of gas lighting, and over the chandeliers of these it were best to draw a veil.

* * * * *

THERE is a tinge of shrinking, even a slight shame, about the exposure of one's household goods to the eye of a curious world. The impulse struggles through one's consciousness to clothe the nudity of the homely objects thus bared to the raw inquisition of bright sunlight and the passing human gaze. One may, with an effort, stifle the ignominy of such exposure to the moving-van

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crew—they who handle articles of dearest intimacy with the impersonal unselfconsciousness of a surgeon setting bones. By them the treasures are carted off, one by one. The battered favorites of a lifetime are toted out in ungraceful heaps, chairs atop tables, couches raising their sparse iron limbs to heaven, bundles of books piled into tipsy columns that tremble and totter as they are hoisted to the shoulders of a sweating colossus. Kitchen vessels, squeezed out of their rightful heritage of a journey by barrel, make a forlorn last-moment heap in a dishpan, while oddments which proclaim themselves to be brooms, mops, shoe cleaners, stove polishers, carpet sweepers, ironing boards, and washing implements rear up like earthworks on a battlefront, only to be carried off and deposited on the sidewalk until a place can be found for them among their betters in the van.

* * * * *

At last it is over. The bill has been paid, and the crew of movers, tipped heavily, have gathered up their ropes and pulleys and padding, and departed. The Drifter sits with his friends among the upheaval which may some day be a home. He is oppressed by the general disorder, by homesickness—though the home is not his—by the conviction that nothing in it will ever again be quite right. Suddenly someone has a terrible realization—the canary has been forgotten. The Drifter volunteers to recover him. Anxiously he takes his way across the city. It is late when he turns the key in the lock and enters the vast and dusty expanse. Relief comes quickly as he hears a faint peep from the inner gloom—Caruso is safe and undisturbed. The Drifter shoulders the bird and somewhat sentimentally makes a tour of the dismantled apartment. Somehow Caruso's presence gives him courage. He covers the cage carefully with a large square of silk and together they sally forth into the twilight. But on one point the Drifter has made up his mind. He will never have a home, or furnishings, or even a canary. He will be glad always to be

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Those Behind Prohibition

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Cline's article Behind This Prohibition is a vivid presentation of facts we all recognize. It is not as disgusting to a prohibitionist, like myself, as it appears to be, and I believe the reason for it is this: A good many people have assumed that the voters who support prohibition, as, for instance, those who increased the dry majority in Congress at the last election and those who carried the proposal in Massachusetts for a State enforcement act, do so because they are convinced they are supporting an advance in morals. While this is true for the minority representing the temperance forces, who also, by the way, observe the law strictly, the great majority, in my opinion, support the law as a measure of health and safety, and individually reserve to themselves the freedom of action so noticeable in regard to other laws.

For instance, most of us would support a law restricting the speed of motors to a degree we should probably not always observe. At least, not till everyone else did. We support measures for the examination of herds of cows, where the milk is sold, but have our cows examined only in face of very alarming symptoms. We support the anti-trust laws, yet cheerfully submit to the knowledge that they are broken, according to Mr. Huston Thompson, as often as the Volstead Act. I don't pretend to explain these attitudes, but it seems to me they are undeniable.

Staatsburg, New York, August 29 MARGARET NORRIE

Pullman Porters Have Grievances

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Kindly permit me to bring to the attention of your thoughtful readers the fact that the Pullman Company has broken its agreement with the Pullman porters. According to Article 6, Section C, "There shall be no discrimination by the company or by any of its employees on account of membership or non-membership in any fraternal society or union." This agreement, known as the Pullman Company Plan of Employee Representation for District Employees, became effective on October 1, 1920, and is still operative.

Since the movement began to organize the porters through a series of articles in the *Messenger*, the men have been repeatedly called into the office and questioned as to what interest they have in the movement. When a mass meeting was arranged at the Elks' Auditorium, in New York City, Tuesday evening, August 25, at which Mr. W. J. Orr, special organizer of the Locomotive Engineers, spoke, the men were threatened with discharge if they attended.

The company, of course, wants to intimidate the men, so as to prevent them from forming an organization for, of, and by themselves. This is downright discrimination against Negro employees of the company, for the Pullman car conductors, who are white, are organized, and have been since 1918. Every other group of workers on the railroad is organized except the porters. The men are organizing to demand more wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions. They now receive $67.50 a month, a wage sadly inadequate to insure a decent American standard of living. And they are required to make 11,000 miles as a basis of this monthly wage. This causes a porter's hours to trench hard upon the inhuman work-period burden of nearly 400 hours a month.

They want 240 hours or less in regular assignment as a basis of their monthly pay, with compensation for overtime. They also want pay for "preparatory time," that is, the work they put in making ready the car to receive the passengers before the train leaves the terminal station. Now, though a porter may report to the yard at 3 p. m. and work until 7 p. m. making ready his car to receive passengers so as to leave at 7 p. m., his pay does not begin until 7 p. m.

They also want to abolish the doubling-out evil, or the practice of compelling a man who has been on the road two or three days and nights without the proper sleep, needing food and properly to cleanse himself, to go right back out for perhaps another two or three nights' journey, thereby undermining the porter's health and preventing him from giving efficient service to the public, for which it pays the Pullman Company. And not the least among their demands is that of being treated like men and not like children. As it is, porters with self-respect and pride dread going into the district offices lest they be hailed as "George" by some sixteen-year-old whippersnapper, though the porter insulted may have been in the service some forty years or more and be old enough to have great-grandchildren older than the messenger boy humiliating him.

New York, September 3 A. PHILIP RANDOLPH,
Editor of the *Messenger* and General Organizer of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters

[The last annual report of the Pullman Company, made public since the above letter was written, shows the largest gross revenue in the corporation's history, amounting to $83,927,749. After all deductions this was equivalent to earnings of $10.20 on each share of $100 par value.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

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A Coal Digger on Coal

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial A Letter to the Miners' Chief in your issue of September 9 reveals a stupendous lack of knowledge when speaking of the Fuel Administration, "The Fuel Administration was established [1917] and for two years ran coal as it ought to be run."

I am afraid that a canvass of every coal digger in the country would fail to reveal one who would agree to that. On the other hand, a canvass of the operators would likely find unanimous agreement. Was not this the period of the 2,000 per cent profits?

Garfield sat on the lid for two years and got off just before the widespread "wild cat" strike and the "authorized" strike of 1919. The humiliations and repression suffered by the coal miners during these two years and in the second and shorter period have made the name Garfield forever detested by them.

Tell us not of Fuel Administrations; we coal diggers were sold that gold brick once.

Belleville, Illinois, September 9 Ein Hauer

Vanderbilt University's Liberalism

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Reference was made in a recent article by Miriam Allen de Ford on The War Against Evolution to the dismissal of Professor Alexander Winchell from Vanderbilt University in the early eighties because of his views on evolution. In a more recent article by Mr. Krutch on the rule of the cowards in Tennessee the statement is made that in Tennessee "bigotry is militant and sincere, while intelligence is timid and hypocritical." Without attempting to condone the first offense I should like to submit that the incident cited is in no way representative of the point of view of the Vanderbilt University of today; and without refuting the sweeping generalization of the second article I should like to suggest that there are some men in Tennessee who ought not to be included in the indictment. In all conscience the situation is bad enough, but not so bad as would appear from these two articles.

The Winchell incident has, of course, had wide reading because of its prominence in Andrew D. White's "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," but that it is not typical of the university is evident from a number of facts. Vanderbilt for a quarter of a century, and especially since its victorious struggle with the Methodist church over its control, has been generally regarded in the South as a citadel of modernism, higher criticism, evolution, and other forms of heresy. Professor L. C. Glenn, Dr. Winchell's successor in the department of geology, gave an illustrated lecture on evolution while the anti-evolution bill was pending in the legislature, and left no doubt in the mind of anybody as to his position; for a quarter of a century he has been doing the same thing in and out of the classroom. Professor E. E. Reinke, head of the department of biology, delivered a clear-cut address before the Vanderbilt Club of Nashville and later before the Kiwanis Club, defining his position as he has repeatedly done for the past ten years; and in both instances his remarks were printed in the Nashville papers.

The dean of the School of Religion, Dr. O. E. Brown, secured the signatures of the leading ministers of Nashville to a protest against the passage of the law, and has since written an article in the *Southern Methodist Review* defining the position of those who are resisting the extreme ideas of the fundamentalists. The dean emeritus of the School of Religion, Dr. W. F. Tillett, has recently published a volume entitled "Paths That Lead to God," in which he takes the same position on the question of evolution in relation to the Bible that is held by the leaders of liberal opinion in American churches. Chancellor J. H. Kirkland, who two years had lectured on evolution in some of the best Southern institutions, was quick to condemn the passage of the Tennessee law in a statement that has appeared in many newspapers and in another vigorous statement prepared for the Religious Education Association of America. It is safe to say that a large majority of the professors at Vanderbilt agree not only in condemning the law but in maintaining the hypothesis of evolution, though they may differ in the religious or philosophical interpretation thereof. And the same may be said of the student body as a whole and of the large majority of the alumni. The main opponents of the law in the legislature are Vanderbilt graduates.

Nashville, Tennessee, July 30 Edwin Mims,
Professor of English, Vanderbilt University

Indignities to Citizens

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am a plain American citizen of Irish birth. I believe in the Constitution of the United States and in the Declaration of Independence—"that God created all men free and equal." Believing in this, and armed with an American passport, I decided to return to my country after spending a few months in Europe; I decided to embark at the port of Liverpool; I also decided to travel third class. Let us see how the official American doctor at that port treated an American citizen. First of all he decided that I should get vaccinated. I protested against this, but this man who is paid by the American taxpayers told me bluntly that I could not get aboard any ship unless he said so.

At the hour of embarkation I was lined up with the emigrants for inspection, the American doctor looking on. This ended his inspection of the "Anglo-Saxons." Then he singled me out from a group of 200 plebeians who were allied in blood with the Mayflower progenitors and forced me to enter a room where there were a dozen Irish boys who were to be subjected to a severe test.

I tried to get redress from the American consul, but he, too, seemingly was inoculated with Anglo-Saxon virus.

The world is not yet safe for democracy, at least, not for American citizens.

Brooklyn, August 9 Timothy O'Brien

Discovered!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Who is the Ku Kluxer on the editorial staff of *The Nation?* This question is prompted by the editorial in the issue of August 19 in which the statement is made that "the Klan has become safe—and uninteresting."

I have just looked over a lot of data sent me from our representative in the Klan—we have one there to get us the correct information. The information certainly does not indicate that our Protestant fanatics have become safe. As to being uninteresting, I do not know—that is a matter of individual ideas. Whipping parties, a murder now and then don't prove uninteresting to the average person.

Minneapolis, August 26 Emil E. Holmes,
National President, World War Veterans

Secret Thinking

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A remark made by a well-dressed middle-aged woman at a local newsstand the other day may amuse you: "Let me have a copy of *The Nation*—and will you please wrap it?" One more good soul giving way to secret thinking!

New York, July 17 S. M. Keeny

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Books and Plays

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Carmichael

By KENNETH FEARING

"You are sure you love me?
Why do you love me?"
Those were the words of Carmichael,
As slim and beautiful as Carmichael,
The tawny pennon of manhood
Snapping and curling in a gale.

"But your eyes are strange.
Hoofbeats on the nightroad past my bedchamber are not so strange.
I love you."
And Thyra was the youngest of the court dancers.

Then he would show her of love
As keen as it was in him,
And from the palace's highest battlement
Carmichael listened to the falling scream.

Few women find them the lover Carmichael,
Carmichael the sheer.

First Glance

CASUAL acquaintance with Edith Sitwell's reputation as a poet would scarcely lead one to look in any of her volumes for lines like these:

> In the forest of sweet birds the spring begins
> And all the trees have leaves like drops of water
> Or small soft birds that sing of lost delight.
>
> And there were haunted summers in Troy Park
> And all the stillness budded into leaves;
> We listened, like Ophelia drowned in blond
> And fluid hair, beneath stag-antlered trees;
> Then in the ancient park the country-pleasant
> Shadows fell as brown as any pheasant,
> And Colonel Fantock seemed like one of these.

For not only is Miss Sitwell known as a radical poet; she is feared as an unintelligible one and fled as one whose satire, presumably, bites. How is it, then, that in "Troy Park" (Knopf: $1.75) she has been willing or able to deliver herself of lines as transparently lovely as those just quoted?

She has not done so often, to be sure. But she did not need to in order to prove herself a richly and interestingly equipped poet. And she was by no means content, having turned some lovely verses, to call her business done. Her business is with the vision that she has, and like all visionary poets who happen also to have lively brains she is struggling constantly to speak in a new way of what she sees. What she sees never changes, for it is invisible. It is a lost world of pure, unshadowed delight which in common with all mystics she mourns. But Miss Sitwell changes. Now she is giving us her world in the directest possible language—images of birds and trees, metaphors of music, fables of the golden age and of the immaculate child:

> But Dagobert and Peregrine and I
> Were children then; we walked like shy gazelles
> Among the music of the thin flower-bells.
> And life still held some promise,—never ask
> Of what,—but life seemed less a stranger then
> Than ever after in this cold existence.

Now in an ecstasy of invention she departs and dances among conceits as wild as any ever dug up by the "metaphysical poets." Now she turns her back to the beauty by which she lives in order to defend it—and herself—against its most evil enemy, age. Her lost delight was a young delight—this she has said again and again. As a belligerent, then, and as a satirist, she moves against

> The real world terrible and old;

she castigates a race of men who

> . . . grew as wrinkled as the darkness
> With bitter wickedness and age;

she makes an example of poor Colonel Fantock, that

> Old military ghost with mayfly whiskers;

and, taking a phrase of Arthur Rimbaud's, she muses long upon

> The old Bacchantes of the suburbs.

Now she mingles all three methods in a poem of the sort which has made her "difficulty" famous. But always her fine energy comes from the vision which lives exactly in her center. Miss Sitwell promises to redeem a whole generation of Georgian poets who had threatened to grow shallow.

MARK VAN DOREN

Since John Stuart Mill

Contemporary Political Thought in England. By Lewis Rockow. The Macmillan Company. $5.25.

THIS substantial treatise constitutes an admirable sequel to the interesting little volume published some years ago by Ernest Barker on English political thought since Herbert Spencer. Mr. Rockow's work, fortunately, conforms strictly to its title and is devoted to an analysis of the writings of those literally contemporary figures whose doctrines were but briefly classified and described in the last chapters of Mr. Barker's work. Graham Wallas, the Webbs, H. J. Laski, G. D. H. Cole, Bertrand Russell, Norman Angell, Shaw, Galsworthy, and other notable and active contributors to the dynamic and constructive trends in modern thought are here displayed in full knowledge of their writings and in a spirit commendable alike for fairness of estimate and critical acumen.

Perhaps the most striking fact about the book is its implicit refutation of the contention of some that significant political theory ended with Bluntschli, Austin, Spencer, or Thomas Hill Green. Here we have a volume of nearly 350 pages devoted to but the briefest critical summary of a group of thinkers whose writings fall almost entirely within the present century. It would scarcely be too much to say that their doctrines possess more validity, cogency, and relevance with respect to current political problems and issues than all the political theory compiled in all the countries of the world prior to 1900. Yet Mr. Rockow does not include more than half of the most important and up-to-date of the present-day contributors to political and social thought in England. Many of those whom he does consider belong in a doctrinal sense to a past generation, and, with the exception of Laski, Cole, the Webbs, the Pauls, Russell, and Norman Angell, the most novel and revolutionary aspects of contemporary English thought

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and scholarship are left unmentioned. It is coming to be more obvious than ever that the study of political theory before the twentieth century can be justified only on the ground of antiquarian interest or the desire to establish the genetic foundations of certain trends in the thought of today.

The volume opens with a brief sketch of the nineteenth-century background in the writings of Bentham, Austin, Darwin, Spencer, J. S. Mill, and T. H. Green. McDougall and Graham Wallas are selected to illustrate the psychological contributions to political thinking; Sir Henry Jones and John Watson appear as the contemporary expositors of philosophical idealism; Lord Hugh Cecil and W. H. Mallock present the arguments for conservatism, individualism, and aristocracy; the Webbs and Ramsay MacDonald argue the case for collectivism and advanced social democracy; Laski, Russell, and Cole attack the theory of the omnipotent and monistic sovereign state and formulate the position of the pluralists; William and Eden and Cedar Paul represent the English enthusiasm for the older Marxian socialism and Bolshevik communism respectively; L. T. Hobhouse and Lord Bryce state the case for compromise between individualism and collectivism, Hobhouse on a theoretical basis and Bryce from a concrete study of the achievements of democracies in action; H. G. Wells pictures a utopian commonwealth, namely, one designed and ordered according to the dictates of intelligence and the knowledge to be derived from the social sciences; Norman Angell presents the economic and cultural indictment of the insanity of modern wars and armaments, and demonstrates the necessity of squaring politics and diplomacy with the realities of economic internationalism; Shaw, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, and H. G. Wells attack through their dramas and novels the injustices and imbecilities of contemporary culture and society, and argue for a more rational and happy world. Mr. Rockow is an accomplished analytical expositor. He shows a full mastery of his sources, presents fairly the arguments and positions of the authors studied, and does not fail to point out the weaknesses or inconsistencies in their writings. And the value and utility of the whole work are greatly enhanced by a lively and lucid style.

The chief defects in Mr. Rockow's book are those which arise from the orientation of his own thought and the lack of inclusiveness of his work. While fair minded, his judgments are colored by his background and outlook, which are obviously those of the philosopher and moralist. He gives little evidence of an adequate acquaintance with the realistic social and political thought grounded upon geography, psychology, biology, anthropology, sociology, and the special social sciences. His statement that "psychology, like biology, is concerned only with facts, and not with values" is most fully and damagingly revealing. The significance and volume of contemporary English social and political thought impresses itself upon one as much through reflection upon what Mr. Rockow has omitted as through perusal of the doctrines which he has analyzed. There is little in his book which would indicate that Laski inhabits a much different scientific, technological, and industrial world from that in which John Stuart Mill moved and labored. The vast implications of these changes for thought, politics, and ethics are left unexploited. Nothing is said about the valuable contributions to political thought made by the anthropogeographers such as Mackinder, Herbertson, Fairgrieve, and others, and of the application of regional geography to the problems of civic reform by Patrick Geddes, Victor Branford, and others. Nor does Mr. Rockow call attention to the importance of biology with respect to political theory in the fields of social Darwinism and its critics; the problems of population control as studied by Carr-Saunders, Wright, and others, and by the birth-control advocates; the emphasis of Galton, Pearson, and their school upon eugenics and the breeding of a more capable race; and the implications of differential biology for the problems of democracy as developed by Pearson, Bateson, and others. The most reliable and relevant psychology is not to be found in the writings of McDougall and Wallas, but rather in those of Tansley, Hart, Rivers, Jones, and others. McDougall and Wallas, while solid critics of the older Benthamite felicific calculus, belong to an archaic age of psychological thought. The achievements of the cultural anthropologists, such as Marett and Rivers, have completely upset the older approach to political origins, but they are not dealt with. Sociology, basic to every type of valid contemporary political theory, is scarcely mentioned, and such sociologists as are included are classified under other rubrics—Wallas as a psychologist and Hobhouse as a philosopher. In this way the most important of all of Professor Hobhouse's books, his "Morals in Evolution," was missed. Finally, perhaps the most vital advance in political science in the last generation has been the introduction of the quantitative or statistical method as developed by Pearson, Yule, Bowley, and others. This is not mentioned, though it is indispensable in any effort to supplant political philosophy by political science.

This catalogue of what should have been included in any comprehensive survey of contemporary political thinking in England is not intended as a disparagement of Mr. Rockow's timely and important service in the present volume. Rather it is intended in part, at least, to encourage him to write a second volume which will embody these developments. In the meantime not only students of political theory but also all interested in contemporary thought and English literature will find this volume indispensable and illuminating.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

A Timid Moralist

The Conscience of the Newspaper. By Leon Nelson Flint. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

MR. FLINT has hit upon the original idea of dealing with the "principles and problems of journalism" by the case system so long applied to the teaching of law. Most of his 461 pages are devoted to the statement of some journalistic act or transgression—upon which there is a comment usually mild, carefully balanced, and more or less obvious. He has, however, not restricted the comments to his own, but has quoted many interesting opinions from journalists, lawyers, and public officials (unfortunately without giving the source of the quotation or the place where it can be found).

Curiously enough, whenever Mr. Flint cites a case of journalistic wrongdoing the name of the newspaper is suppressed; where he can praise he usually does so by name. This raises once more the question what it is that professors of journalism are afraid of. Is it their particular set of regents, the press itself, or what else? We can understand Mr. Flint's desire to produce a book which should be as coldly impartial as a textbook of law, and his wish to avoid being called a "kicker" or faultfinder. But after all the book purports to deal with the conscience of the newspaper, and as to that one must take sides to be effective. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that in his desire to deal impartially and in detail with many such journalistic practices as, for instance, "faking" photographs and news stories, and the "rewrite" evil of latter days, Mr. Flint has failed adequately to praise or emphasize those public servants in journalism who have nearly approached the ideal. Thus Edwin L. Godkin is dismissed with the barest reference; the second Samuel Bowles receives eighteen lines and the first and third are not mentioned, though no better cases of devotion to civic and professional ideals could possibly be cited.

That Mr. Flint's book, despite its lack of systematic arrangement and its constant repetitions, will be useful in schools of journalism we have no doubt. How far beyond them will its

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influence go or that of Professor Crawford's excellent "Ethics of Journalism"? Not much, we fancy. The professional journalist knows perfectly well what are good and bad practices, and when he sins against the light and when he doesn't. Hence it is useless to teach ideals to students of journalism if they immediately take service under our Hearsts, our Curtises, even our Chicago *Tribunes;* for there they must do as they are told. The ethics of journalism are as simple and plain as any others. What the conscience of a newspaper should be is easily set forth to students, but the conscience of each daily is created by its owners. How are we to reach them when they are in business for money pure (or impure) and simple? That is the problem. But Mr. Flint gives few cases that couple the conscience of the daily to the business office. Is it really helpful to dismiss the burning question of the commercialism of the press in these non-committal words?

> The growth of the industry of newspaper publishing until it has become one of the greatest industries in the world has lent prominence to the business side of journalism. . . .
>
> The further fact that newspapers now attract capital seeking profitable investment, and that millions of dollars are required to buy a successful metropolitan paper, leads to the charge that our journalism is "capitalistic."
>
> Both of these criticisms contain truth and must be taken account of by any one looking toward the future of journalism. Business success should be provocative of good journalism because it affords financial independence; but in practice commercialism shows itself in conflict with the professional ideal.

Mr. Flint recognizes the recent rapid growth of public hostility to the press and the increasing distrust of it. Yet he passes briefly over Upton Sinclair's indictment, and he winds up on the hopeful note expected of all writers who deal with institutions that are under fire. He is sanguine enough to believe that the press is improving so rapidly that many of his criticisms will soon be obsolete. We hope he is right. Our observations do not lead us to a similar conclusion.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Dreiser

Edith Wharton. By Robert Morss Lovett. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.

Theodore Dreiser. By Burton Rascoe. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.

BOTH of these monographs have peculiar merits. Both of them have defects. Mr. Lovett's fault, as I see it, is that he fails adequately to discuss the influence of Henry James on Mrs. Wharton. Mr. Rascoe argues too much with Stuart Sherman. Neither monograph can be ignored by the careful reader or—most certainly—by the student. Perhaps there is no greater praise. Mrs. Wharton is difficult to discuss because her work is so uneven, yet Mr. Lovett never falters and ends on a note that is praise or blame as one happens to feel: "she remains for us among the voices whispering the last enchantments of the Victorian age." Mr. Dreiser, of course, speaks emphatically the voice of modernity.

Mr. Lovett quickly concludes that Mrs. Wharton may be summed up in the words: Culture, Class, Morality. She has an overweening sense of the necessity of imposing upon the sprawl of life a carefully articulated pattern. She is ironic. Her problem is always moral, but the morality of "the indoor variety; and the scene of their skirmishes is the tea table or the dancing floor . . . one wonders too often whether the case could have arisen outside the conventions of a special class." She is, then, a class artist and her class rests upon "a crust of custom over a void of thought" (her own evaluation in "The Fruit of the Tree"). Her class is an American class, the product of very special circumstances, easily dispersed by a shift in American life. When it flourished its rootage was inadequate, and even Mrs. Wharton recognized that it was inevitably to be left high and dry by the currents of American life. Consequently Mrs. Wharton is "profoundly ignorant" of the "vital issues" in American life. When she essays to depict industrialism she is hopelessly inept, as in "The Fruit of the Tree," where industrialism is important to her only as it impinges upon the demands of her narrow world. Only when she hits upon a tragedy contained within the limits of her world is she impressive, as in "The House of Mirth."

In fact, Mrs. Wharton is all that Mr. Dreiser is not. At one point they touch: both have faltered at times. Where Mrs. Wharton exaggerates the necessity of form, Mr. Dreiser is impressed by the sprawl of American life and attempts to render it in his novels. Mrs. Wharton's psychology of personality is incisive, clean-cut, and omniscient. She simplifies and explains without qualifications. Mr. Dreiser is never sure, is full of qualifications, is, again, burdened by a feeling of inexplicable complexity. Mrs. Wharton has chosen to depict a back-wash in the stream of American life. Mr. Dreiser has chosen to get into mid-channel. Mrs. Wharton is a surviving voice of an age that has passed away, the heir of James and Howells. Mr. Dreiser is a prophet of the future.

Appropriately, Mr. Rascoe opens his monograph with a quotation setting forth the fundamentals of modern American society. He shows how Dreiser early felt the overwhelming significance of business. He threw himself into a detailed study of the situation and produced "The Financier" and "The Titan." Being a brooding intelligence, he was intrigued by the muddle of life and gave allegiance to a physico-chemical theory of conduct. He threw over a compartmentalized view of the world which accurately, in theory, labeled things right and wrong. His men are ruled by a will to power, and power includes power over women. He has constantly dealt with sex relations, and because of his amorality has refused to be conventionally catastrophic in his portrayals of reward and punishment. His novels have a great deal of the disorder of the life he sees. In Dreiser there is no imposition of an arbitrary framework—for it seems true that disorder is not arbitrary but actual. Mrs. Wharton runs to epigrams and figures of speech. Mr. Dreiser, though on occasion he writes with impressiveness, has an amazing record for inepitude and *cliché.* He is more impressive in totality than in detail.

Both of these writers, it seems to me, have reported their worlds accurately. Neither method is of absolute merit. There are no absolutes in art. But Mr. Dreiser's world is destructive of Mrs. Wharton's. Mr. Lovett says of Mrs. Wharton:

> She sees that in America, *against the need and power of money and the lure of sex,* tribal instincts and customs, family pride and hereditary principles are bound to go down, and their upholders can at best fight a rear-guard action.

The italicized words represent Dreiser's world in so far as it is militant industrialism. I believe Mr. Dreiser to be the more powerful and potentially the more enduring because he is the more decidedly, for one thing, in the main stream of American life.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Lord Raleigh

The Life of Lord Raleigh. By His Son, Lord Raleigh. Longmans, Green and Company. $7.50.

THE Hon. William Strutt, third Baron Raleigh, is best remembered for his discovery of argon, a gas present to the extent of about 1 per cent in the air we breathe. During his life of seventy-seven years, however, he published "A Theory of Sound," which is the most scholarly treatise of its kind in the

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English language, and more than four hundred original contributions to physics. He was the friend and intimate of Clerk Maxwell, Kelvin, and Helmholtz; and his reputation suffers only by comparison with these three giants. He succeeded Clerk Maxwell as Cavendish Professor of Physics at Cambridge, and was in turn succeeded by J. J. Thomson. Here again Lord Raleigh suffers by comparison: Raleigh was a great physicist, but Clerk Maxwell and J. J. Thomson were still greater ones.

When at twenty-three Raleigh graduated from Cambridge as Senior Wrangler a clerical relative urged on him the claims of "duty," by which was to be understood the normal public duties of a country squire or of a cabinet minister. Raleigh replied that he owed his "duty" to science; whereupon the clerical relative said something to the effect that to neglect the estate and state in order to follow scientific pursuits was a lapse from the straight and narrow path. The clergyman's opinion of science was evidently shared by the authorities at Cambridge, for at that time—1867—the only experimental course offered at the university was one in qualitative analysis—"test-tubing," as it is lovingly called by the undergraduates of today. From 1867 to 1925 is a far cry. The Cavendish laboratory for experimental physics is the most famous of its kind the world over. On any week-day you may find three Nobel prize winners, Thomson, Rutherford, and Aston, at work there. Even so specialized a field as bio-chemistry boasts of a building all its own. At Cambridge the blackboards are still filled with mathematical symbols as they were in Newton's day; but now largely as a preliminary means of developing some hypothesis to be tested out in the laboratory. When Einstein develops a theory dealing with the refraction of light rays as they pass the sun it is the Cambridge astronomer, Eddington, who verifies it experimentally. When Thomson develops his theory of the structure of the atom it is Wilson, a Cambridge physicist, who devises an ingenious experiment to photograph the track of Alpha rays as they shoot out of radium.

Raleigh at twenty-four was elected a Fellow of Trinity College. He was excellently equipped in mathematics, but knew little or nothing of laboratory work. Being a man of means, he set up his own laboratory, hired his own assistant, read Maxwell's papers on the electro-magnetic field, Helmholtz's on color vision, and the chief publications of Stokes and Kelvin. These gave him the necessary impetus for experimental work, which he carried on unintermittently and unobtrusively for a quarter of a century.

The turning-point in his career came in 1894. An apparently inconsequential series of determinations dealing with the densities of gases led to a momentous discovery—argon, a hitherto undiscovered gas in the atmosphere; and subsequently to the unmasking of four other elementary gases in the air: helium, neon, xenon, and krypton. In his experiments Raleigh found that the density of nitrogen obtained from the air was slightly but consistently higher than that obtained from artificial sources. Writing to *Nature*, he said: "I am much puzzled by some results as to the density of nitrogen and shall be obliged if any of your chemical readers can offer suggestions as to the cause. According to two methods of preparation I obtain quite distinct values. The relative difference, amounting to about one one-thousandth part, is small in itself; but it lies entirely outside the errors of experiment."

Raleigh's letter to *Nature* attracted the attention of Ramsay, professor of chemistry at the University of London. The London chemist had found that nitrogen is absorbed fairly readily by magnesium. This suggested to him that by first getting rid of the oxygen in the air and passing the remaining nitrogen over heated magnesium any other gas present in the atmosphere could be saved from absorption. The experiments fully confirmed the hypothesis, and the unabsorbed gas was isolated. In the meantime Raleigh himself arrived at the same result, using different means. He had repeated and extended an almost forgotten experiment of Cavendish, performed one hundred years earlier. Raleigh and Ramsay joined hands; they announced their discovery to the British Association for the Advancement of Science which met in the summer of 1894.

The scientists were skeptical. What! Could it be possible that the atmosphere so exhaustively studied by scientists for centuries contained a gas which had never before been isolated! They shook their heads, smiled the smile of doubters, spoke of faulty manipulation and hasty conclusion, and suggested more caution and less eagerness to rush into print. Ten years later, in 1904, Raleigh received the Nobel prize for physics and Ramsay the prize for chemistry.

I heartily recommend this book to all those wishing to obtain an insight into the achievements of modern science. The chapter dealing with the discovery of argon, naturally the longest in the book, excellently shows how great discoveries are made by geniuses. And the writing is non-technical throughout.

BENJAMIN HARROW

A Good Subject

The History of American Idealism. By Gustavus Myers. Boni and Liveright. $3.

MR. MYERS sets out to prove that "the American people are a nation of idealists." He asserts it is "the fact of facts." Now America's services to mankind, her leadership on various occasions, her permanent contributions to civilization are conspicuous and undeniable. Yet Mr. Myers would be more effective if he were more objective. He selects his facts, omits vast categories of others, and cuts and pastes his history most arbitrarily. Had he done so from a consistent point of view his book would be convincing as a piece of special pleading, a patriotic paean useful in its compilation of related facts. One gains the impression that two conflicting personalities contend for and alternately gain possession of the writer. In his preface he protests that he has written other books "showing the evils imposed on American life by organizations, groups, and particular classes," but that this book deals "with the American people as a whole."

In his earlier chapters Mr. Myers appears to be imbued with the spirit of his "other books," as when for instance he admits that the war with Mexico was "a black chapter in American history." On the whole the first fourteen chapters are interesting and informing, especially those dealing with the overthrow of aristocracy in the post-revolutionary period and the rise of the ideal of general education. Best of all are the chapters dealing with the rise of American art. In his last seven chapters, however, Mr. Myers is often naive. Thus he holds that the habit of "unrestrained imbibing" (for the Eighteenth Amendment is in his view one of the achievements of American idealism) is "the European custom transplanted here in settlement times." The implication therefore is that the American people are not wholly guilty. But while he blames Europe for various of our shortcomings he is indignant at the "misconception" of a Danish newspaper to the effect that "the American nation is an extract of European youth which melted together has produced a race of incomparable health."

In the chapter entitled Curbing Plutocracy we read: "With the slavery issue disposed of, the people of the United States could now begin to concentrate upon the aim to subjugate the powers of wealth and the ensuing corruption and oppressions." Yet later he confesses sadly: "True, no powerful magnate had ever been sent to prison; by the lavish use of money in hiring astute lawyers and finding refuge in a maze of legal technicalities, railroad as well as other masterful capitalists violating laws had contrived to keep clear of prison. But there was always a possibility that they might go there . . ."; and "Instead of being shaken by laws passed by both Congress and the

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States, the trusts multiplied and their power hugely increased." But he concludes: "If the movement against the trusts was a failure there were associated national movements that achieved complete success." And he enumerates the income-tax, publicity for campaign contributions, and direct election of senators. Thus the American people curbed plutocracy. Polyanna substituted for Clio in this chapter.

Mr. Myers on the Spanish War is wholly original. Thus, in 1896 (two years before the sinking of the Maine), "from every part of the United States, North, South, East and West, from cities and villages and farms, came the thunderous demand that Cuba should be free and that the United States should employ its entire power to expel Spanish rule." Mr. Myers bestows high praise on our liberation of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines—he makes no mention of Nicaragua and Haiti.

Mr. Myers feels that the American people reached "an eminence of moral grandeur" during the World War and quotes President Wilson's earlier war declarations freely. One is permitted to infer that the world was made safe for democracy, that the rights of small nations were guaranteed from then on, and that the ending of all war, while not yet an accomplished fact, has been started on the high road to realization.

The basic error in Mr. Myers's approach to his subject is that his hero, "the American people," is ever a unity, one and indivisible, now and then defeated by its foreign heritage, by its predatory groups, by this, that, and the other thing, yet always idealistic and like Horatio Alger's heroes winning out in the end. That most progress in the United States, as elsewhere, has been initiated by political and social pioneers, lone voices in hostile wildernesses, battling courageously against odds and obstacles until the great mass was swung into line—this Mr. Myers fails totally to recognize. The abolition of slavery, equal suffrage, leadership in the world peace movement, and the like are to him achievements of an all-American phalanx.

Mr. Myers's subject is deserving of a less confused treatment. The book is dedicated to Mr. Otto H. Kahn, who receives in its pages more space than George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and Wendell Phillips combined.

ERNEST GRUENING

Books in Brief

Studies from Ten Literatures. By Ernest Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

Mr. Boyd is a mixture of historian, bibliographer, and reporter. The discrimination which he brings to his task saves him from being drowned by his material, but his material is voluminous. As a reporter he reveals a greater erudition in modern foreign literatures than is to be found in anyone else now writing in America. As a critic he has a distinct preference for the solid, realistic, intellectual, and sophisticated; he is the enemy of all cults, of sciolists, and of aesthetes. As a wit he brutally knocks down what as a rule is not deserving of much tenderness.

William Blake in This World. By Harold Bruce. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

This book is a mosaic of quotations cemented together by epigram and metaphor; Mr. Bruce is not content with supplying appropriate passages from authority, but peppers his own sentences with quoted phrases and even single words until our eyes are bewildered. Furthermore, the absence of footnotes deprives us of reference and leads to a valid suspicion that the author, or compiler, sometimes employs excerpts for purposes far from their original intention. The most valuable feature is a chronological chart of Blake's life, works, and acquaintances. A few dates here should be revised. The Marriage of Heaven and Hell should be assigned to 1793; Milton was begun in 1803; Jerusalem should be dated 1804-1827; and it should be noted that the illustrations to the Book of Job were not engraved until 1825. The list of works brings to our attention the fact that Mr. Bruce does not once mention in his text the Four Zoas and has almost nothing to say about several other important works.

America of the Fifties: Letters of Fredrika Bremer. Selected and edited by Adolph B. Benson. The American Scandinavian Foundation. $2.

Fredrika Bremer in her day was a highly regarded Swedish novelist, and a pioneer for women's rights. Today her contributions to the former field are forgotten and those to the latter field are antiquated. These letters of travel are, however, fresh, discerning, and valuable. No one who has delved into the intimate life of the New England authors can fail to appreciate her keen and sometimes caustic criticisms. Of Bronson Alcott she writes: "Alcott drank water, and we drank—fog." She saw the country clearly but with a dash of sentiment and a pinch of humor. The book is a first-rate document.

Drama

These Charming People

"THE GREEN HAT" (Broadhurst Theater) will subject to its severest test the hypnotic spell which Mr. Michael Arlen has cast upon the American public. Doubtless most of those who read the genuinely amusing book from which it was taken were never impelled to any intellectual analysis of its plot because they were sufficiently entertained by the fireworks which accompanied it and because they were carried along by the exuberance of the telling; but in making his play Mr. Arlen has deliberately chosen to discard the fantastic humor which protected him and to set forth in plain terms the pretentious vulgarity of his mind. The novel was a fantasy, sustained with remarkable verve; the play is a straight tragedy, tawdry in its conception and outrageously theatrical in execution.

Mr. Arlen's story of a sentimental nymphomaniac who justifies her wild career on the ground that she was deprived of her boyhood sweetheart and then, by way of atonement, picturesquely commits suicide just off stage is lurid enough. Told as the play tells it, not by implication or by indirection but almost in chronicle form, it fails to carry much conviction. Yet luridness is by no means the worst of its faults; for it is conceived in the spirit of the flabbiest sentimentality and presents the most odious of all combinations—an oily lubricity still further contaminated by all sorts of slimy prattle about "clean eyes" and "purity." Whatever interest the play can arouse is an interest in spectacular depravity; whatever fascination the central character has is the fascination of accomplished harlotry; and yet she is always referring in a choked voice to "the beauty of pure love," while Mr. Arlen seems to be constantly whispering across the footlights: "Charming people these, but in their hearts they too are longing for England, Home, and Beauty."

In a way the psychology of Iris March is true enough. Just as no one sets a higher sentimental value upon a "pure woman" than does a slightly aging roué, so too there are doubtless many hundreds of Iris Marches who love to romanticize themselves after the manner of Mr. Arlen's heroine and who would like to whisper, as she does: "I have a body which burned for love and with love I have burned it—but to no one but you have I ever said 'I love you.'" But to take her seri-

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ously at her own valuation one must needs be almost an Iris March oneself, for however important purity may be there is surely nothing less important than a rake's idea of it. As for "womanly virtue," the world has always been full of charming ladies who got along very well without it; but they needed the strength of their convictions. To drop to chastity the tribute of a pious tear when one is on the point of changing lovers is not, as the Marches (and the Arlens) would have us believe, either noble or particularly pathetic. It is merely very vulgar.

There is always an audience for sentimental lubricity of the sort which "The Green Hat" purveys, provided only the thing is well enough done. The success of the movies is alone sufficient to prove that there is a considerable body of women who deserve the description which La Rochefoucauld ungallantly applied to the whole sex when he called them "rakes by impulse and prudes from necessity"; and they will flock to any entertainment which enables them to participate imaginatively in the delights of an amorous career while assuring them that the part which physical disability or moral cowardice has forced them to choose is, after all, the better one. But it is doubtful if "The Green Hat" is well enough done to succeed unless the mantle of its author's fame can be called upon to hide its defects. It is, to be sure, well acted, for Katherine Cornell seems to realize perfectly the intention of the character and Margalo Gillmore is, as always, charming, but its staginess exceeds all reasonable bounds. Only an audience thoroughly inured to the movies can regard with composure the spectacle of Iris, "hungry for roses," parading the cloisters of a nursing home clad only in a nightgown and a bouquet; and surely only the magic of Mr. Arlen's name could restrain a smile from the face of his auditors at the climax of the first act when Iris's brother (who, by the way, keeps constantly drunk in order to forget the world's lack of purity) says goodby to his sister. Touched by a sudden tenderness he kisses her neck. Then, flinging her from him, "You harlot! . . . God! but I'm thirsty," he cries, and rushes from the room. It is very strong—and a little beyond.

"Arms and the Man" (Guild Theater) is not, to be sure, one of the very best of Shaw's plays, for, an old prejudice of the theater notwithstanding, the best are those which are most thoroughly Shaw rather than those earlier pieces in which somewhat conventional situations are merely touched off with the Shavian philosophy. Yet for all that "Arms and the Man" is a thoroughly amusing play and the Guild is giving it a joyous revival. Alfred Lunt, in particular, has achieved one of the most perfect portraitures of his career, revealing hidden values in the role and making of Captain Bluntschli a richly human figure moving amidst the fantastic puppets who constitute the remainder of the dramatis personae. Lynn Fontanne also is charming, though she is, perhaps, a little too sophisticated for a Bulgarian maid even in a piece not remarkable for its realistic atmosphere and though she nowhere brings so rich an invention to bear upon the interpretation of her role. Henry Travers and Ernest Coccart also exhibit great comic force, and Stella Larrimore makes a lively part out of Louka, the maid.

"All Dressed Up" (Eltinge Theater), a new farce comedy by Arthur Richman, deals with the effect of a wonderful drug which, secretly administered in cocktails, causes people to throw off the mask of control and to exhibit their real selves. It is ingeniously developed and funny throughout in spite of the fact that it never, unfortunately, escapes the somewhat mechanical air which its scheme entails. "The Jazz Singer" (Fulton Theater) deals with the son of a Jewish cantor who breaks his father's heart by becoming a black-face comedian. It has undoubted elements of popular appeal and some moments of real feeling, but for all the newness of his theme the author has a fatal penchant for the tried and true scenes of conventional melodrama.

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International Relations Section

The Fight Against Fascismo

By GIOVANNI GIGLIO

AFTER the verdict which discharged for "insufficient evidence of guilt" Senator De Bono, Mussolini's ex-police chief, from the accusation of connivance in the murder of Giacomo Matteotti and other murderous plots against some leaders of the Opposition, two facts most eloquently characterize now the political situation in Italy, namely, the appointment of De Bono as Governor of Tripolitania—the most important of King Victor's colonies—and the deportation of Signor Donati, the accuser of De Bono.

These two facts, apparently, prove that the "constitutional battle" which the Aventine Opposition has been carrying on against the Fascist Government during the past thirteen months has utterly failed. But this failure does not necessarily mean that the Aventine Opposition is defeated. The distinction is not a sophism, for not only is the Aventine Opposition still the greatest bloc of anti-Fascist forces in Italy, but it is most likely to be strengthened, in the near future, by the adhesion of other political forces which it, by means of its uncompromising action, had caused gradually to break away from the Fascist army.

The fact is that the liberal forces headed by the former prime ministers, Giolitti, Orlando, and Salandra, instead of joining the Fascist chorus in proclaiming the defeat of the "Aventine," and instead of mitigating their anti-Fascist attitude after the verdict which, however incompletely and obscurely, acquitted De Bono, are at this moment strongly inclined to come to an agreement, and even to an alliance, with the constitutional elements of the "Aventine," and join forces with them in the anti-Fascist struggle. In fact, after the verdict acquitting De Bono, the annual conference of the Liberal Party adopted unanimously a powerful resolution against Fascismo and the Fascist Government, in which the latter was charged with diminishing the prestige of Italy abroad and leading her to financial and economic ruin.

An alliance of all constitutional parties, to include the Populars (Don Sturzo's party), the Democrats, and, possibly, the United Socialists (Turati's party) on the one hand, and the Combatants and the newly reconstituted Liberal Party, whose leaders are Giolitti (left wing), Orlando (center), and Salandra (right wing) on the other, is the latest proposal from the liberal quarters to the "Aventine," which is really significant after the failure of the "constitutional battle" of the Aventine Opposition. In fact, the proposal shows that loyal supporters of the Italian monarchy and of constitutional government in Italy are perfectly alive to and view with alarm the danger that the failure of the constitutional method in the struggle against Fascismo will, as many signs clearly suggest, thrust the anti-Fascist forces of the country into the sphere of the anti-constitutional parties, the Communists, Republicans, and Maximalist Socialists. As a matter of fact, the failure of the constitutional method hitherto employed in the anti-Fascist struggle by the Opposition has greatly influenced the mind of the Italian middle class and working class in favor of those parties which, like the Republicans and the Maximalist Socialists, have never ceased proclaiming, although unwilling to discontinue their membership of the Aventine bloc, that the latter's confidence in the constitutional loyalty of the King was misplaced, that the Opposition in the Senate was pure moonshine, that nothing but force can compel Fascismo out of power.

During the past three months the United Socialists have lost considerable ground to the Communists and the Maximalist Socialists in the trade unions, not only because they are less active, but apparently because the Italian workers have grown tired and are getting every day more dissatisfied with the cautious and wavering policy of their United Socialist leaders. It is significant that after the last metallurgical strike in Lombardy, Piedmont, Liguria, and Rome, which was abruptly called off, in spite of the splendid fighting spirit of the masses, by the United Socialist leaders of the Metal Workers' Federation, the latter have lost to the Communists the leadership of the Milan Branch and their influence in the shop-committees of the Turin Fiat Works, the most powerful industrial concern in Italy. And there are signs which suggest that the same spirit of revolt is brewing among the textile workers, whose will to fight out their wage dispute with the owners was recently ignored by their United Socialist leaders notwithstanding that the workers had decided by a two-thirds majority for a general strike.

I think it can be safely forecasted that the next phase of the anti-Fascist struggle in Italy will see a strong revival, among the workers and the middle class of Italy, of radicalism and republicanism, as a result of the failure of the constitutional method in the struggle against Fascismo. This failure, as already said, must not be interpreted to mean that the Opposition is defeated. Mussolini has only destroyed the confidence which the constitutional parties of the Opposition placed in the King, whom they believed a loyal guardian of the constitution. This will make the anti-Fascist struggle in Italy more bitter and more dangerous in the future. Even the most moderate elements of the Opposition frankly and openly admit now that Fascismo cannot be beaten by legal means, and that the struggle must be carried on otherwise. It is, however, improbable that the constitutional parties of the Aventine Opposition will accept the proposal of their Republican and Maximalist Socialist allies to extend the front of the anti-Fascist struggle so as to include the Monarchic positions. What seems most likely, on the contrary, is that instead of the present Aventine Opposition bloc there will be two opposition blocs in the near future—namely, an all-inclusive alliance of the constitutional parties and a united labor and republican front. The former will include the Populars, Democrats, Combatants, Liberals, and perhaps also the United Socialists; the latter will include the Republicans, the Maximalist Socialists, and the Communists. The sphere of action of the former group will be the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, and the defense of the constitution will be their platform, while the Republicans, Maximalist Socialists, and Communists will intensify and carry on their struggle without Parliament.

But the most decisive factor in this anti-Fascist struggle will certainly be the economic and financial factor. If Mussolini weathers the present financial crisis in Italy the problem of how to beat him will become more difficult for his enemies to solve.

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De Bono and His Accusers

ON March 18 we published in the International Relations Section a manifesto issued by the Aventine Opposition, charging that "the group of culprits which was responsible for violence and death in the crimes most talked of today was centered very high up, close to the Government itself, and its leaders were among those who divided the daily bread 'salted with power,' and among the great electors of the parliamentary majority."

On June 27 Senator De Bono, Director General of Public Safety, was cleared by the Senate, acting as High Court of Justice, of many charges, including participation in the attack on Deputy Amendola; favoritism in the attack on Hon. Misuri; favoritism in the crime against Deputy Matteotti; prevention of the arrest of the assailants of Cesare Forni and participation in the seizure of documents relating to the crime; and membership in a criminal association known by the name of "Cheka," to which numerous crimes against persons have been ascribed. After which Senator De Bono was made Governor of Tripoli. His acquittal created a furore throughout Italy, and the Executive Committee of the Aventine Opposition at once drew up a second manifesto setting forth in detail evidence which the court had either thrown out or ignored.

With regard to the attack on Amendola it states (*Corriere della Sera*, July 16) that

> the High Court ignored the written confession of Ludovico Perrone, maniple chief in the militia (who led the attack), arguing that no trace of Perrone could be found and that Amendola himself (who had been attacked from behind) had not recognized Perrone's features in a photograph which had been shown him. And when the elder Vagliasindi had assisted in obtaining the written confession from Perrone, as well as another document confirming it (the Narbona letter), the court declared that Vagliasindi had merely had copies of these documents, and had not been able to say anything concerning the truth of their contents.
>
> Well enough: here is the testimony of Vagliasindi (examined before the presiding judge of the Milan Court of Appeal: Vol. I, Section 147): "The documents mentioned in the request just read to me were confiscated in the search made at my home in Gardone Riviera the night of December 30, 1924. . . .
>
> "I vouch for the authenticity and truth of these documents here as I did before the chief of police at Brescia, and I assume full and absolute responsibility for them. These documents are written copies in my own handwriting made from the original documents, and I am waiting to produce them until I am convinced that justice will take its regular course and that the reprisals to which I have so long been subject exclusively for the above reasons will be stopped."
>
> But the examiners never ordered Vagliasindi to produce the original documents, notwithstanding the fact that he ended his testimony thus: "May I say in closing that it would seem proper for the High Court to demand all the documents which were seized from me, because it could find other interesting things in them aside from those connected with the present examination." . . .
>
> The main part of the letter (Vagliasindi's confession) is as follows: "About the 20th of the month of December I was asked by Consul Candelori Mario, commander of the 112th Legion of the M. V. S. N. (Fascist militia), to which I also belonged in the capacity of maniple chief, if I would take part in a punitive expedition against a person who by his actions was opposing and interfering with the work of the National Government, blocking its favorable development. When I replied in the affirmative, pledging myself to this task, I was informed that the person in question was Hon. Amendola, who was to be beaten up.
>
> "I was impressed when the name of Hon. Amendola was given, but I was assured that His Excellency Mussolini also wished this to be done. Conversations followed with His Excellency General De Bono, who gave explicit orders that Hon. Amendola should only be beaten, and that even if he defended himself and fired at us, we should in no case fire at him, even at the cost of our lives." . . .

After describing the attempts that failed, the confession continues:

> "Then we decided to act, at the risk of being killed by him or arrested by others, which we did, on the morning of December 26, as reported in the papers, which, except for minor inaccuracies, gave the story exactly as it happened.
>
> "After this the conversations with His Excellency Hon. De Bono were continued, and the police were furnished by Consul Candelori and myself with clues expressly contrived to sidetrack the authorities in such a way as to give the appearance of interest and speed on their part in running down the guilty ones. In this way the thing was kept dark, and the investigation was closed for lack of evidence."
>
> After which (and in spite of the fact that it was confirmed by the testimony of Narbona on April 28, 1925) the High Court passed over altogether the fact that Cesare Rossi, in a tragic interview with De Bono on June 12, 1924, attacked the latter in the manner recounted before the High Court (Vol. II, Section 175 retro). "I confirm the statement made to General De Bono: 'The attack on Hon. Amendola was organized by you at the order of the President.'"
>
> Upon being further questioned, he replied: "The Amendola attack was organized by Hon. De Bono under orders from the President; but I do not know who carried them out. I am under the impression that it was done by Roman Fascist elements or members of the militia." . . .
>
> When Hon. Misuri was savagely beaten for a speech made in the Chamber a few hours before, the assailants were identified at once. The leader, named Bonaccorsi, member of the militia, then confessed. . . . Favoritism toward this man was one of the charges against Senator De Bono. The court acquitted him for lack of evidence, but charged him with having had Bonaccorsi imprisoned in Fort Osoppo June 5, when the court had ordered him to be sent there June 1; and with having permitted Bonaccorsi to leave Fort Osoppo when the sentence had not been revoked.

Some important factors are also brought to light in connection with the Matteotti murder by the testimony of Dumini. For instance:

> During his isolation Dumini wrote two letters to Finzi, in the first of which he says: "I see that I have been abandoned by everyone, and especially by those for whom I have sacrificed everything. So I shall defend myself, and I shall accuse if the occasion arises. . . . His Excellency De Bono made a statement in court which was not only false but very serious. He declared that I had confessed to him, not as to the Director General of Public Safety but as to a Fascist, that I had participated in the attack on the Socialist Deputy. Now, aside from the vile betrayal that he would have made in using a statement

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made as Fascist to Fascist, I declare that De Bono's statement is false, because, knowing the antipathy he has for me and Rossi, I should certainly not have made any statement to him concerning my participation in the attack, even if I had taken part in it." . . .

From the examination before the High Court we learn that Dumini, after facing one of the first cross-questionings (in which he denied everything), added spontaneously: "Not only did I not make admissions of any kind regarding my participation in the act, but in the conversation with De Bono I now add that, before leaving me that night, he said these exact words: 'If you know anything, deny, deny. I want to save Fascism.'" . . . .

As for the Forni assault, it will suffice to recall that Cesare Rossi himself was accused of organizing it—and he did not defend himself—and that authorization was requested to proceed against Hon. Giunta (at that time secretary of the Fascist Party). This request was not granted. The official who requested it was punished: perhaps because he had not hesitated to report, with the request for authorization to proceed, that Cesare Rossi—when he was confessing the part he himself had had in organizing the crime—had said that he had become involved in the affair "after a brief talk with His Excellency the President of the Cabinet, who had expressed his wish that the party should prevent the penetration of Forni's dissensionism, especially in Milan." (Parliamentary Records: XXVII Legislature, No. 274.) And Forni was attacked as soon as he reached Milan. . . .

The court acquitted De Bono of the charge of "participation" (in the Cheka), but did not deny the existence of the Cheka. . . .

In the statement signed and sworn to by Senator De Bono in his own defense, we read that . . . "Marinelli declared that when he learned from Rossi of the President's proposal to get rid of Matteotti, he had been deeply impressed, and therefore, on Thursday of the following week, he had gone to His Excellency Mussolini to ask him if he considered it advisable to establish a kind of 'Cheka' to keep an eye on the opponents and hold them in check, with Dumini at the head. The President, according to Marinelli's statement, consented.

"After such a declaration I felt it advisable to keep silent. Later, I telephoned to the President, to whom I merely said: 'They are turning against you.' Hon. Mussolini, indignant, exclaimed, 'The cowards, they are trying to get back at me.'"

Rossi and Marinelli denied the truth of this account. But it was repeated even more exactly by Hon. Finzi in a testimonial examination reported by the examiners to the High Court. . . . "Marinelli, wishing to rouse them (De Bono and Finzi) out of their stupor, explicitly said that Rossi was right, because ten days or so before they had been severely rebuked by the President of the Cabinet, who censured them in violent terms, and said that the party had no political sense, and that after emerging victorious from a revolution and being in power, it was absurd that all the Opposition leaders were able to go about undisturbed and carry on their work of defamation and abuse of all ranks in the party and the Government, and that the freedom with which the Opposition leaders had violently begun the battle in the first sessions of the Chamber showed a decadence in the fighting power of the Fascist Party and a renewal of the activities of its opponents which must somehow be broken up.

"Marinelli added that because of these reproofs of the President he proposed to form at once and finance with party funds a small secret body for acts of violence, at the head of which he proposed to put Dumini, and the President accepted." . . .

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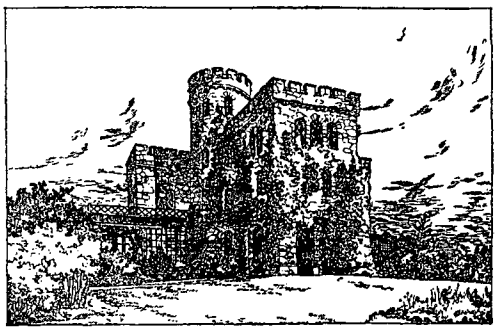

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Many further references to this "Cheka" are given, among them that of Rossi,

> who told the examiners of the High Court that before the Matteotti crime "the organization of a squadron of faithful ones had been decided upon by the old Directorate and sanctioned by the Dux of Fascism, who knew also that Dumini was a member of it," although at that time its organization was not fully completed. But Rossi himself explained that he advised going slow "in arresting elements which had been used on various occasions at the suggestion of the Dux," especially since "Dumini had been named by the President and accepted as one of the principal members of that organization, which, as De Bono and Finzi knew, was being formed for the defense of the party." . . .

The document closes with the words: "If, after this accusation, the answer comes once again in an excess of violence, which is merely a subterfuge, the Opposition groups, knowing they have done their task, will from now on rely upon the final judgment of the country."

Contributors to This Issue

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The Nation for October 14 will be the

Fall Book Number

and will contain an article on James Joyce by Edwin Muir, Ludwig Lewisohn's chapter in the series on whether an artist can function freely in America, and articles, verse, and reviews by Harold J. Laski, Henry W. Nevinson, Genevieve Taggard, Lola Ridge, M. T. McClure, Samuel C. Chew, James Rorty, Anna Louise Strong, H. L. Mencken, and others.

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